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The Count of MONTE CRISTO

15¢

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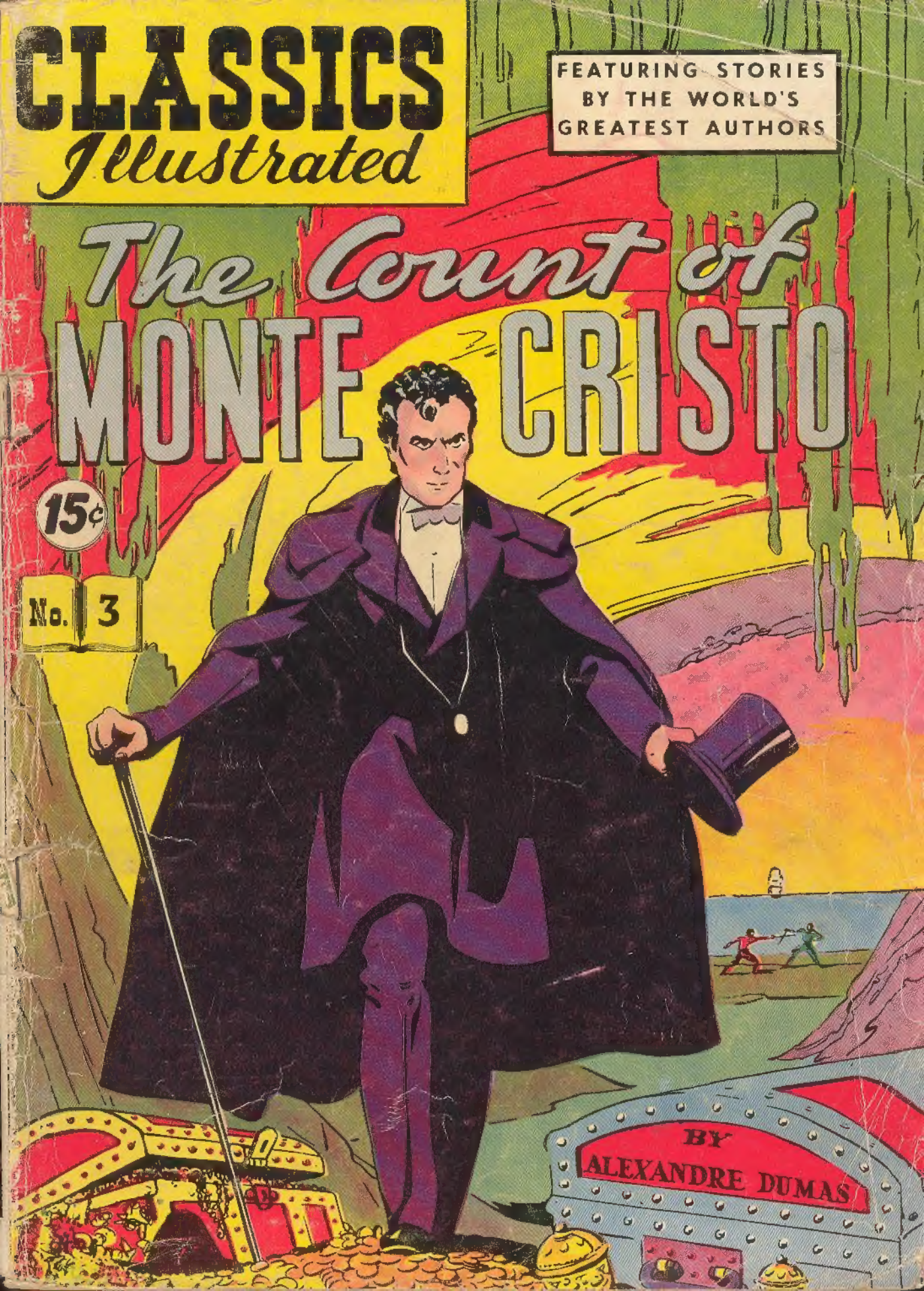

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The Count of MONTE-CRISTO

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS

DANTES

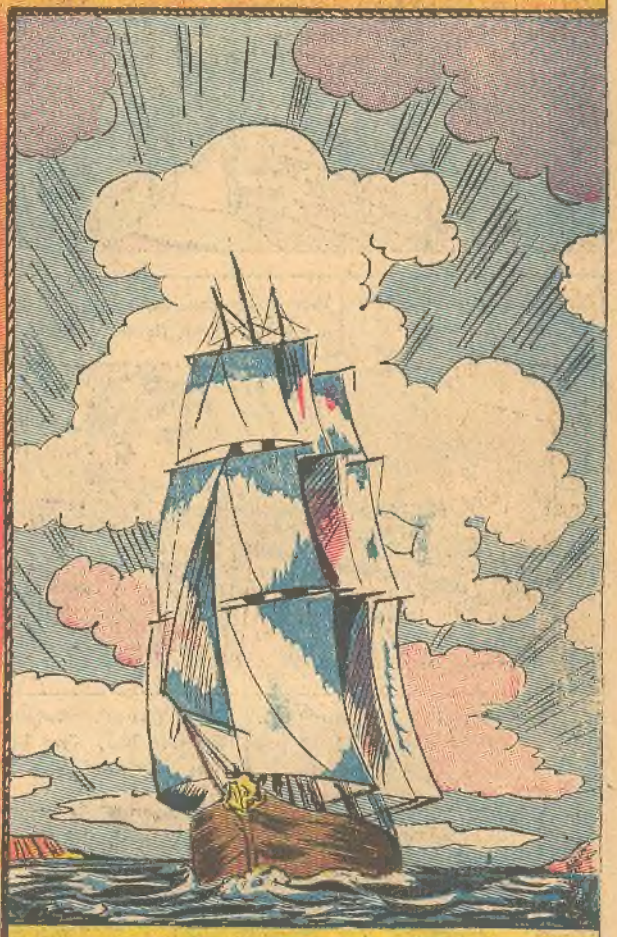
MERCEDES

CADEROUSSE

DANGLARS

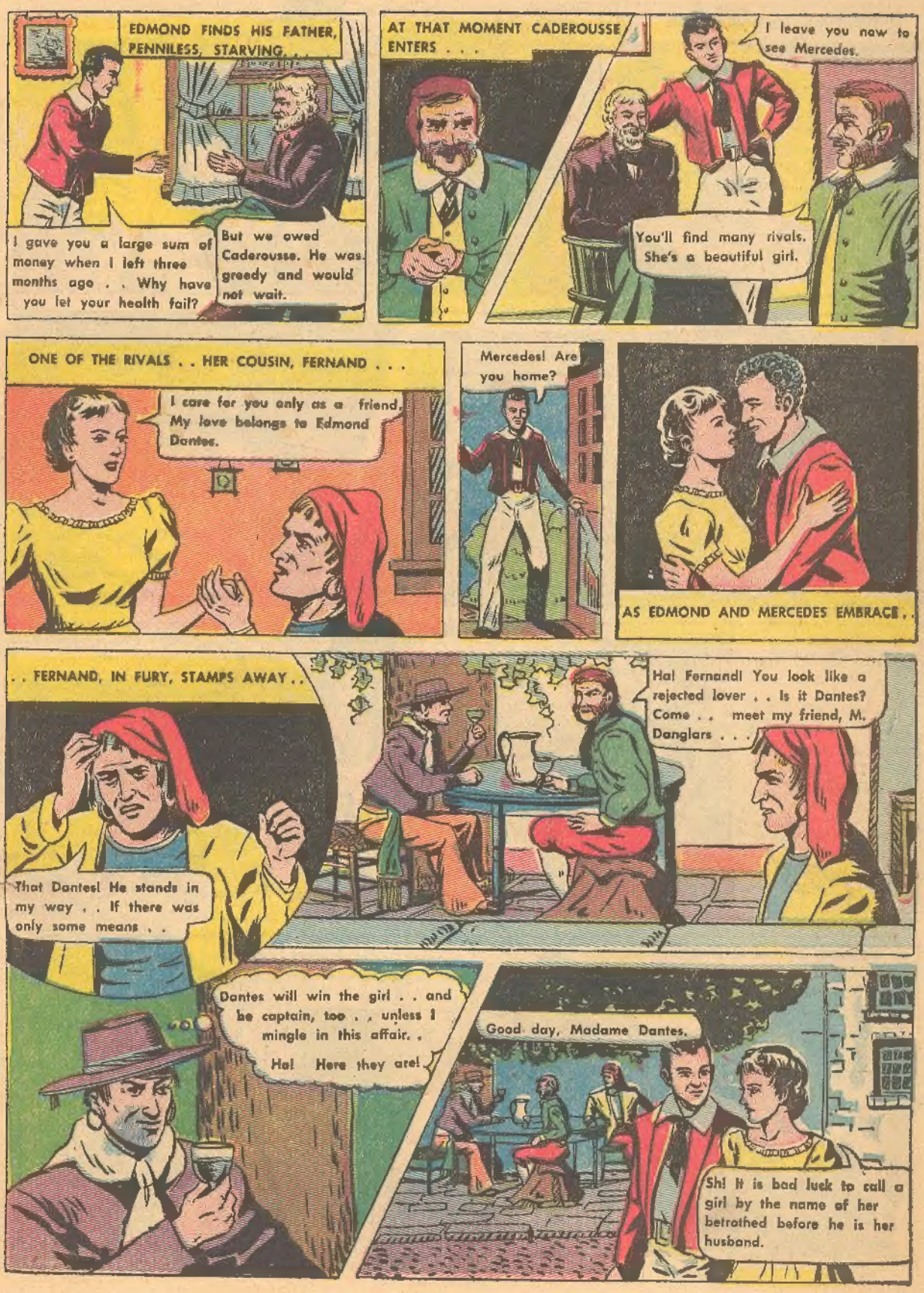
VILLEFORT

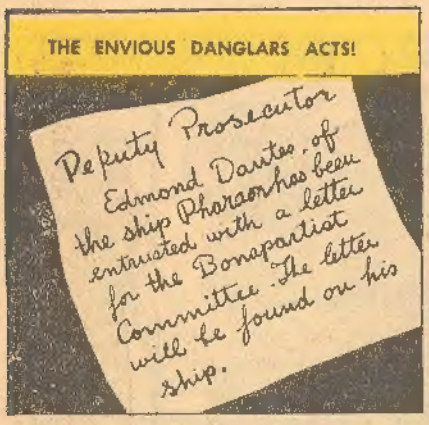
FERNANO



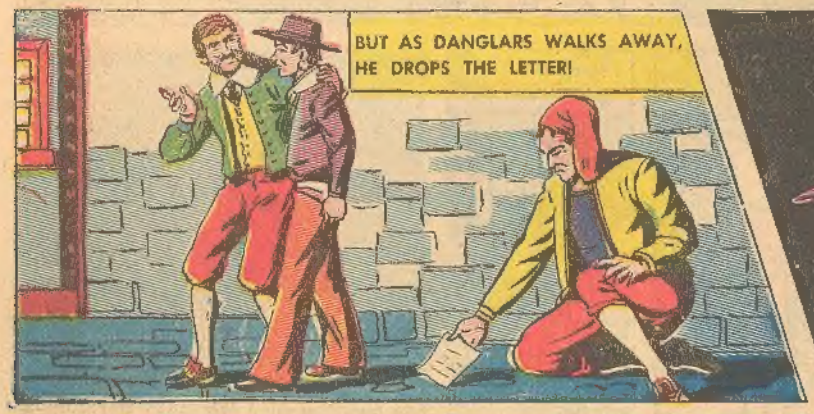
IT IS THE YEAR 1815. THE PLACE IS FRANCE. INTO HER MEDITERRANEAN PORT . . THE CITY OF MARSEILLES SAILS THE THREE-MASTER SHIP, PHARAON, AFTER A LONG AND HAPLESS VOYAGE . .

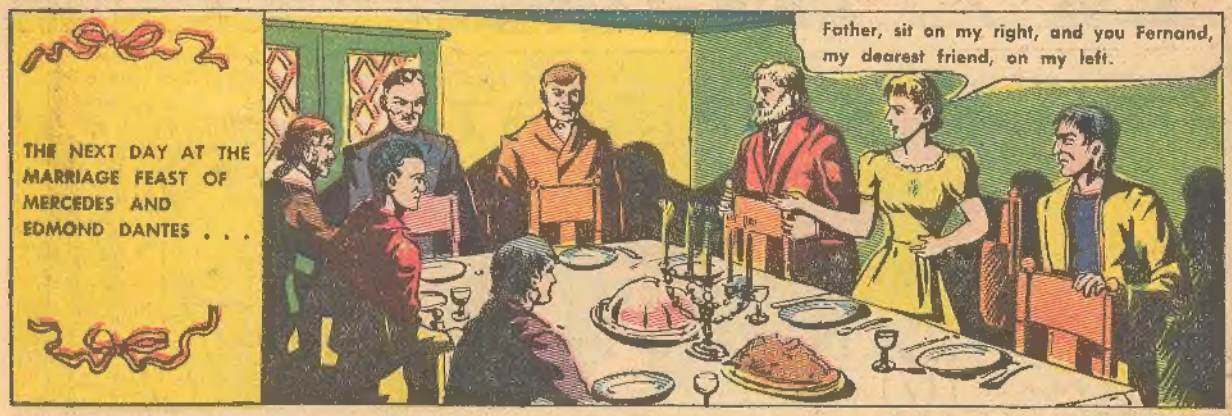
M. MORREL . . OWNER OF THE PHARAON . . GREETS THE SHIP'S NINETEEN YEAR OLD FIRST MATE, EDMOND DANTES . .
Where is Captain Leclere, monsieur?
He died of brain fever, sir.
How unfortunate! . . And the cargo?
Safe and sound, sir! Here is your agent, M. Danglars, to give you a detailed report.
Dantes lost us a day and a half by stopping . . . with no apparent reason . . at the Isle of Elba . . and . . has been putting on the airs of a captain!
Which is as it should be!
Why did you stop at the Isle of Elba?
Captain Leclere's last instructions were to deliver a packet there. I saw the Emperor Napoleon! He spoke of you, sir!
Captain Leclere also gave Dantes a letter!
That is not your affair, Danglars! If there is a letter for me, Dantes will give it to me.
Did the Captain give you a letter for me?
He was unable to write, sir.
Rely upon me to make you Captain of the Pharaon. Shall you wish to keep M. Danglars as agent?
Thank you M. Morrell. I'll retain him, since he has your confidence.
Farewell, sir, for the while. I am off to see my father and . .
. . A girl, no doubt. Good luck, Dantes.

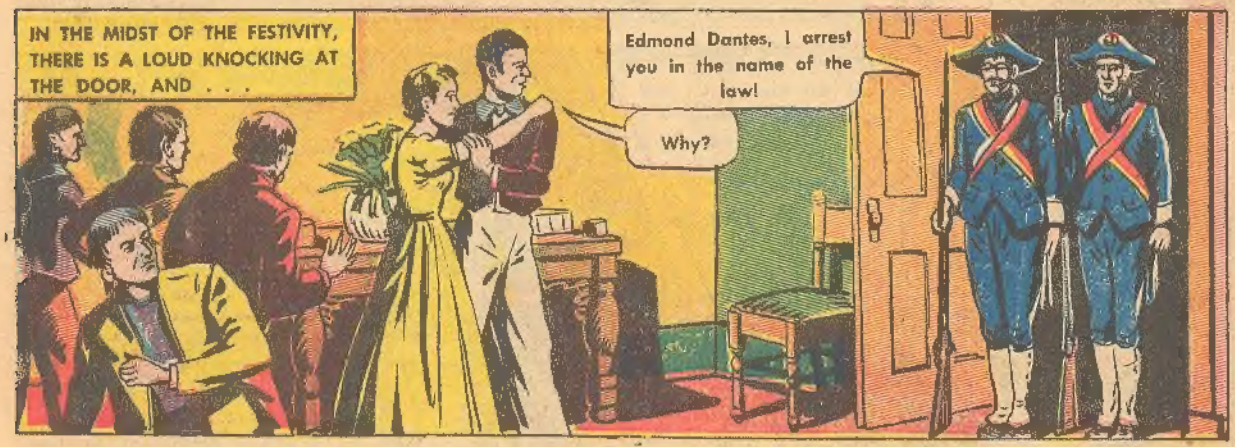

EDMOND FINDS HIS FATHER, PENNILESS, STARVING . .
I gave you a large sum of money when I left three months ago . . Why have you let your health fail?
But we owed Caderousse. He was greedy and would not wait.
AT THAT MOMENT CADEROUSSE ENTERS . . .
I leave you now to see Mercedes.
You'll find many rivals. She's a beautiful girl.
ONE OF THE RIVALS . . HER COUSIN, FERNAND . . .
I care for you only as a friend. My love belongs to Edmond Dantes.
Mercedes! Are you home?
AS EDMOND AND MERCEDES EMBRACE . .
. . FERNAND, IN FURY, STAMPS AWAY . .
That Dantes! He stands in my way . . If there was only some means . .
Ha! Fernand! You look like a rejected lover . . Is it Dantes? Come . . meet my friend, M. Danglars . . .
Dantes will win the girl . . and be captain, too . . unless I mingle in this affair. .
Ha! Here they are!
Good day, Madame Dantes.
Sh! It is bad luck to call a girl by the name of her betrothed before he is her husband.


THE ENVIOUS DANGLARS ACTS!
Deputy Prosecutor Edmond Dantes, of the ship Pharaon has been entrusted with a letter for the Bonapartist Committee. The letter will be found on his ship.

What are you going to do with that letter?
Oh . . nothing . . nothing . . .


BUT AS DANGLARS WALKS AWAY, HE DROPS THE LETTER!


THE NEXT DAY AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST OF MERCEDES AND EDMOND DANTES . . .
Father, sit on my right, and you Fernand, my dearest friend, on my left.


IN THE MIDST OF THE FESTIVITY, THERE IS A LOUD KNOCKING AT THE DOOR, AND . . .
Edmond Dantes, I arrest you in the name of the law!
Why?

ELSEWHERE . . ANOTHER MARRIAGE FEAST IS TAKING PLACE . . THE KING'S DEPUTY PROSECUTOR . . VILLEFORT . . AND HIS ARISTOCRAT BRIDE, RENEE DE SAINT MERAN . . .

To his majesty, Louis Phillipe!

To the downfall of Napoleon Bonapart, the accursed!

A SERVANT ENTERS AND HANDS VILLEFORT A LETTER.

Trouble with another Bonapartist! I leave you for a short time . . to order his head cut off

Oh, be merciful on this day of our betrothal!

AT THE PALAIS OF JUSTICE . . .

This letter found in your possession is addressed to M. Nortier in Paris. What is in this letter, Dantes?

I do not know, sir. Captain Leclere gave it to me before he died with instructions to deliver it to a man who would state the password, "Elba" . . .

VILLEFORT BREAKS THE SEAL . .

If anyone learns the contents of this letter or that Nortier is my father, I am lost! My future would be ruined!

A charge of conspiracy against the king is in this letter. Breathe not a word of it to anyone! Swear!

I swear!

Fear nothing . . just follow the guard!

DANTES IS AGAIN LOCKED IN A CELL. SEVERAL HOURS LATER . .

We are to fetch you . . by the orders of the Deputy Prosecutor.

Villefort is freeing me! Good!

BUT . . .

Where are you taking me?

You will know soon enough!

ABOARD A SHIP THAT SAILS AWAY!

Mercedes . . farewell! The fates are cruel . . .

THE SHIP HEADS TOWARD A ROCK-BOUND COAST.

It's the Chateau D'If . . the dreaded prison!

Get in there!

Why am I being held?

I must see the Governor!

You'll see no one but rats in that cell! Get in!

Let me out of here! . . Or . . I . . I'll kill you!

Threats! Are you mad? We have a place for the mad ones!

DANTES IS THROWN INTO A DUNGEON . . DARK AND DANK.

I am lost . . How can I ever get out of here?

IN THE MEANTIME VILLEFORT PREPARES TO LEAVE FOR PARIS TO SEE THE KING, LOUIS XVIII.

You are going to leave us then?

Yes . . Renee . . my fortune is made if I can reach the king ahead of any other bearer of such news as mine.

IN DESPAIR, MERCEDES COMES TO LEARN THE CAUSE OF HER LOVER'S ARREST.

Dantes is a criminal and I can do nothing for him, mademoiselle.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT VILLEFORT'S CONSCIENCE TORTURES HIM . . THEN AMBITION CONQUERS . .

I must think of MY future.

ANOTHER MIND IS UNEASY . .

After all, I couldn't stop Danglars and Fernand from writing that letter . .

. . BUT DANGLARS REJOICES . .

I am the Captain of the Pharaon now!

. . WHILE DANTES' FATHER LIES DYING . . .

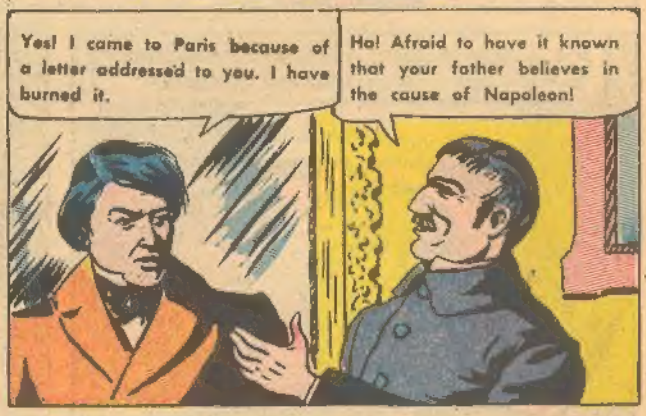
How tragic! He has not had enough to eat to keep him alive. O Edmond, where are you?

MEANWHILE IN PARIS . . . VILLEFORT HAS BEEN ADMITTED TO THE PRESENCE OF LOUIS XVIII.

Speak, sir.

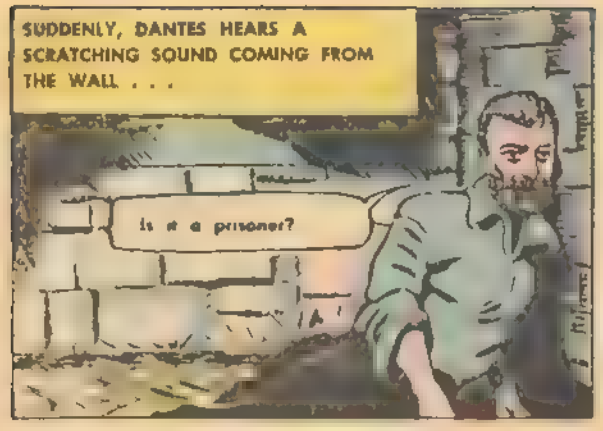
The usurper, Napoleon, has landed in France with an army and is already advancing towards Paris, sire.

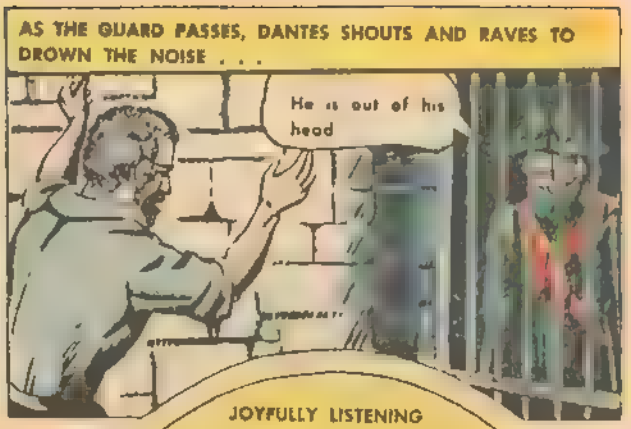
What!



BUT NAPOLEON NEVER AGAIN BECOMES MASTER OF FRANCE. THE ONCE GREAT EMPEROR GOES DOWN TO FATAL DEFEAT IN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO. THIS TIME HE IS EXILED TO ST. HELENA TO REMAIN UNTIL HIS DEATH . . AND LOUIS XVIII IS RESTORED TO THE THRONE OF FRANCE. VILLEFORT IS GIVEN THE MUCH COVETED POSITION OF CHIEF PROSECUTOR FOR THE KING WITH ALL THE POWER HE CRAVES.

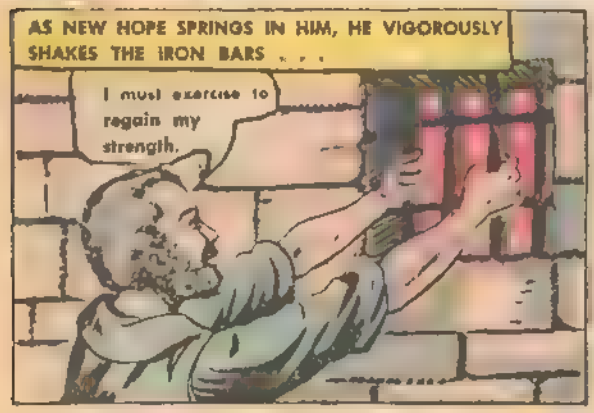
AGAIN AND AGAIN EDMOND DANTES' FRIENDS . . WITH THE AID OF M. MORREL . . TRY DESPERATELY FOR HIS FREEDOM.
I advise you to petition the Minister of Prisons for his release I will dictate a letter.
Tell M Morrel that my answer is "NO !
YEARS PASS .
I demand to be brought to trial! I demand that I be shot if I am guilty, and be set at liberty if innocent!
I will see what can be done.
. . AND WRITES . . .
July 30, 1826 – nothing can be done ...
THE INSPECTOR CONSULTS THE PRISON RECORDS
Edmond Dantes
DANTES IS NOW UTTERLY WITHOUT HOPE
I won't eat! I'd rather die of starvation!
DAYS PASS . . .
I am growing weaker and weaker . . .


SUDDENLY, DANTES HEARS A SCRATCHING SOUND COMING FROM THE WALL . . .
Is it a prisoner?


AS THE GUARD PASSES, DANTES SHOUTS AND RAVES TO DROWN THE NOISE . . .
He is out of his head

If escape is possible I must recover! Food food .

JOYFULLY LISTENING AGAIN TO THE SCRATCHING, HE STRIKES THE WALL .
Someone is there! I will reply with three knocks.


AS NEW HOPE SPRINGS IN HIM, HE VIGOROUSLY SHAKES THE IRON BARS . . .
I must exercise to regain my strength.

THEN, BREAKING HIS WATER JUG
With this I will dig to meet him

FEVERISHLY, FOR THREE DAYS, DANTES WORKS AT REMOVING THE STONES. . .

I'll remove this iron handle, and pry out the larger stones with it.

HOPE FADES WHEN A LARGE BEAM STOPS HIS PROGRESS .

O God! Have pity on me, and do not let me die of despair.

HE IS ELECTRIFIED BY A VOICE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL

Who speaks of God and despair at the same time?

Who are you?

No. 27. Imprisoned since 1811 . . .

My plans are ruined. I thought that your wall was the outside of the fortress.

Do not go away

TOGETHER THEY PRY THE BEAM LOOSE . . .

Trust me! Who are you?

The Abbe Faria. I supported Napoleon, hoping he would help Italy, my country.

THE ABBE'S DESCRIPTION OF HOW HE HAS OCCUPIED HIMSELF BY MAKING A PEN FROM THE HEAD OF A FISH . . WRITING PAPER FROM HIS SHIRTS . . INK FROM SOOT AND BLOOD, AND TOOLS FROM HIS BED AND DISHES . . SHAME DANTES FOR HIS IDLENESS . . .

THE SIGHT OF THE COURAGE OF THIS OLD MAN STILL FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM FILLS DANTES WITH HOPE AND ENERGY.

We must force our way through the corridor . . We can get into the gallery, kill the guard, and make our escape. .

..I have been able to bore through a wall, but I will not take a life .

We must wait for chance to help us. Come to my cell and we will talk

Tell me your story

AFTER DANTES TELLS HIS TALE .

M. Nortier, to whom your letter was addressed, is the father of Villefort. Now do you understand why he imprisoned you? He feared you knew who Nortier was.

I regret solving the mystery of your imprisonment . . for now you have vengeance in your heart.

DANTES LOCKS HIS HATRED WITHIN HIM. HE BEGS THE ABBE TO TEACH HIM MANY LANGUAGES . . THE SCIENCES . . PHILOSOPHY . . AND HE DELVES DEEPLY IN TO HIS STUDIES. . .

You are becoming a highly educated man.

To what end, I wonder?

AT THE END OF ANOTHER YEAR . . .

Ah. If there were only no sentry!

We can escape despite him, if we dig a tunnel

THEY BEGIN TO DIG FROM THEIR PASSAGEWAY TO
We must not fail!
EACH NIGHT THEY THROW AWAY THE EARTH.
The finer the dust . . the more the wind can carry away.
ONE DAY WHEN THE WORK IS NEARLY DONE
Help! Help! I . . I . . die! My medicine!
IN A CUPBOARD BEHIND THE MAN'S COT, DANTES FINDS A VIAL . . .
SUDDENLY THEY HEAR THE APPROACH OF THE GUARD
I must not be found here!
A GLANCE THROUGH THE DOOR AND THE GUARD PASSES ON . . .
I am paralyzed. I shall never be able to escape. The next attack will kill me.
No! No! I can take you on my back.
You must escape alone
I shall not leave while you live.

THE NEXT MORNING DANTES FINDS THE ABBE GRASPING A SLIP OF PAPER . . .

Before I die, I bequeath you this letter . . It will bring you great riches. No one believed my story . . They thought I was mad . . But you will believe it. Listen . .

. . I was the Secretary of Cardinal Spada, who was the last descendant of a long line of wealthy princes. The Cardinal related how one of his ancestors had hidden away a vast fortune on the Isle of Monte Cristo when he knew he was to be killed by Caesar Borgia. I promised the Cardinal to help him find this treasure . . but he died very suddenly. Left alone in the treasure-hunt, I did not know how to begin . . until I found this old piece of paper in a dark cellar of the Spada Castle. Under the flame of a candle, the secret writing on this came alive . . .

Here . .
Read it ! !

I have buried in the
cave of the small island of
Monte Cristo, all I possess of
ingots of gold, money, jewels and
so forth, that I alone know
of the existence of this treasure
which amounts to thirty millions
of crowns, and which can be
found by passing the twelve
rock from the small creek to
the East in a straight line
angle in the record which
bequeath to him as is
my sole heir

AS DANTES FINISHES READING . . .

My heart . . it's another attack . . the last . . I bequeath the treasure to you, Edmond Dantes . . Hasten to Monte Cristo . . .

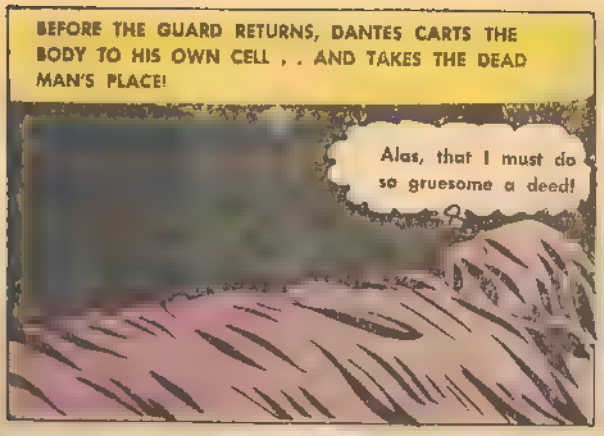
I'll find it

Prisoner Number 27 is dead Have him prepared for burial.

I'll be curious to see the old madman.

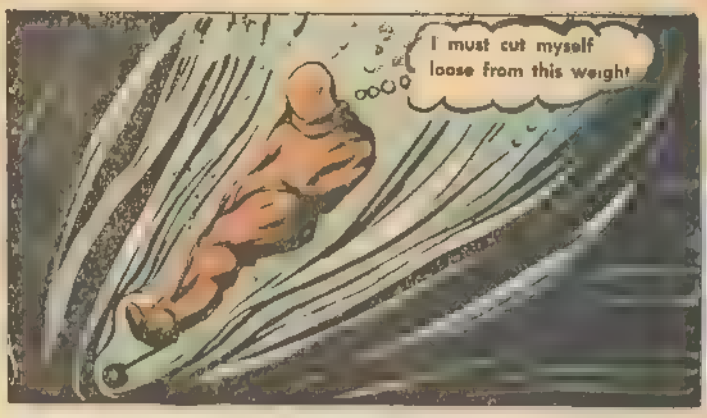
IN A FEW MOMENTS ALL IS OVER . . .

I'll order the guard to place the body in a burial sack


BEFORE THE GUARD RETURNS, DANTES CARTS THE BODY TO HIS OWN CELL . . AND TAKES THE DEAD MAN'S PLACE!
Alas, that I must do so gruesome a deed!

He is heavy for an old man! I
Less talk . . and faster work!

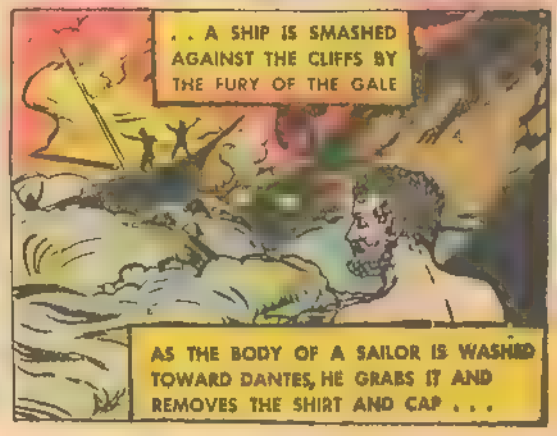
Farewell, madman!

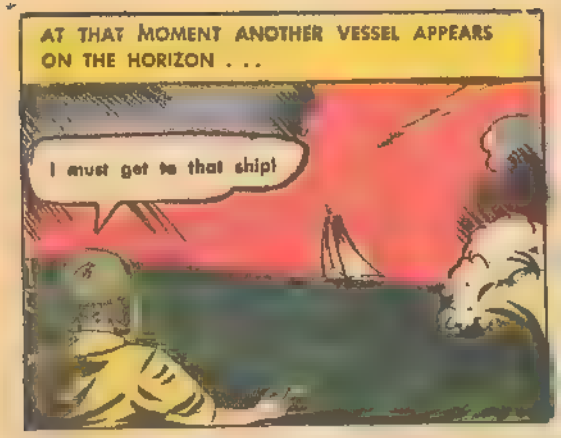

I must cut myself loose from this weight

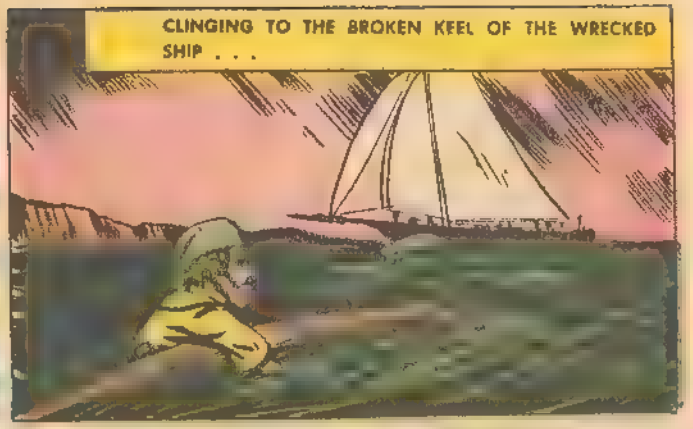
At last!

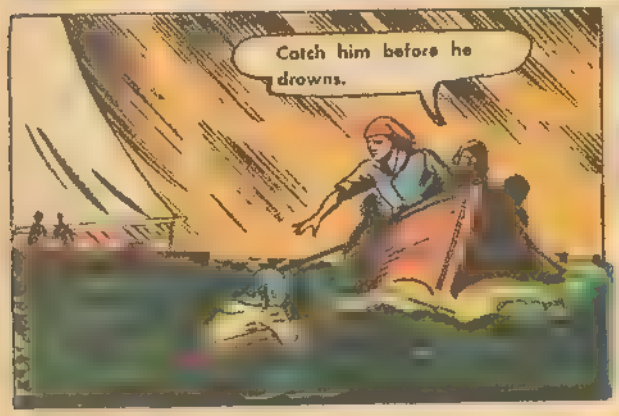
A storm is brewing . if only I can reach the shore . . .

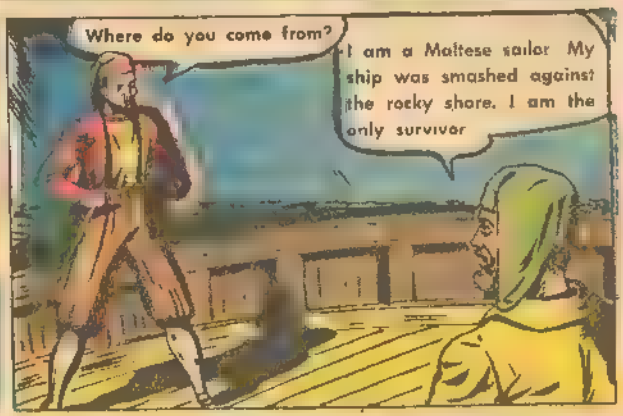
EXHAUSTED, HE REACHES THE SHORE, JUST AS


. . A SHIP IS SMASHED AGAINST THE CLIFFS BY THE FURY OF THE GALE
AS THE BODY OF A SAILOR IS WASHED TOWARD DANTES, HE GRABS IT AND REMOVES THE SHIRT AND CAP . . .

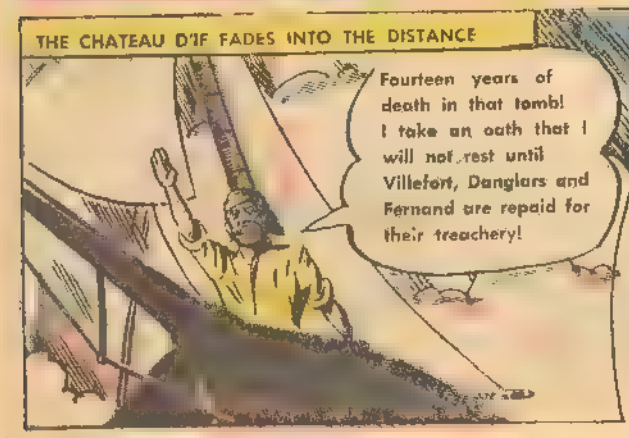

AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER VESSEL APPEARS ON THE HORIZON . . .
I must get to that ship!


CLINGING TO THE BROKEN KEEL OF THE WRECKED SHIP . . .


Catch him before he drowns.


Where do you come from?
I am a Maltese sailor. My ship was smashed against the rocky shore. I am the only survivor.

AS THE VESSEL PASSES THE CHATEAU D'IF . . .
Did you hear that? A gun just fired . . and that smoke . . What is it?
A prisoner must have escaped.


THE CHATEAU D'IF FADES INTO THE DISTANCE
Fourteen years of death in that tomb! I take an oath that I will not rest until Villefort, Danglars and Fernand are repaid for their treachery!

TO HIS RESCUERS, DANTES REMAINS A SAILOR AND A GOOD PILOT. HE INSPIRES THEIR CONFIDENCE AND LEARNS THAT THEY ARE SMUGGLERS. FOR DAYS THEY SAIL THE MEDITERRANEAN, TRADING THEIR STOLEN GOODS .

ONE DAY THE SHIP HEADS TOWARD A RECOGNIZED SMUGGLERS' TRADING POST . . THE DESERTED ISLE OF MONTE CRISTO.

IN SUDDEN EXCITEMENT, DANTES PLANS A RUSE TO REMAIN ON THE ISLAND. AS THEY NEAR SHORE .

I feel faint . . Help me . some one

Jacopo, again you come to my aid. First you rescue me at sea, and now . . .

Consider me your friend, sir. Are you well enough to go ashore? We have arrived at Monte Cristo.

DANTES DISEMBARKS WITH THE OTHERS . .

Monte Cristo! This island holds my fate!

Where are you going?

To search for wild goats .

Look .he has fallen!

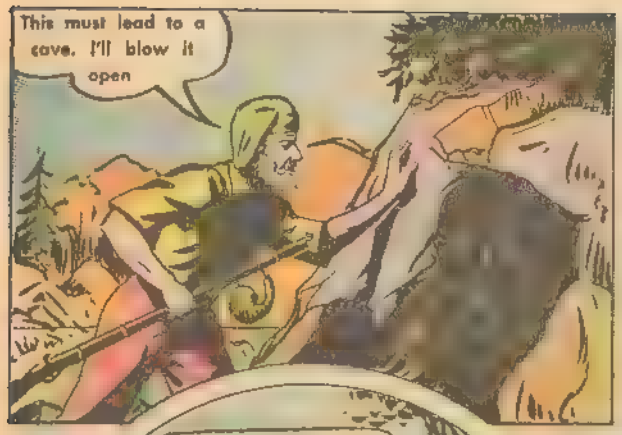
Let me take you back to the ship.

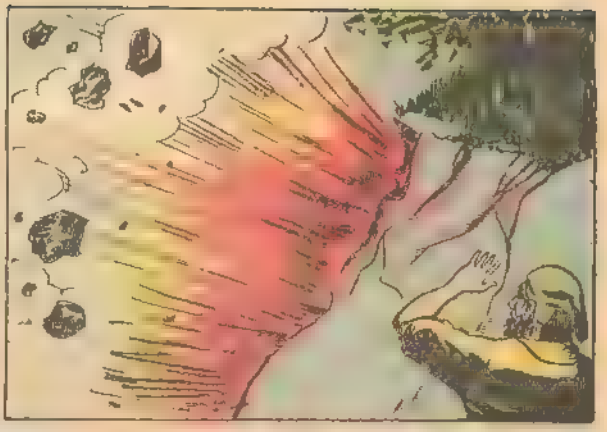
No, Jacopo, do not move me! Leave me here for a few days to rest. When you return, I shall be well.

Be of good cheer!

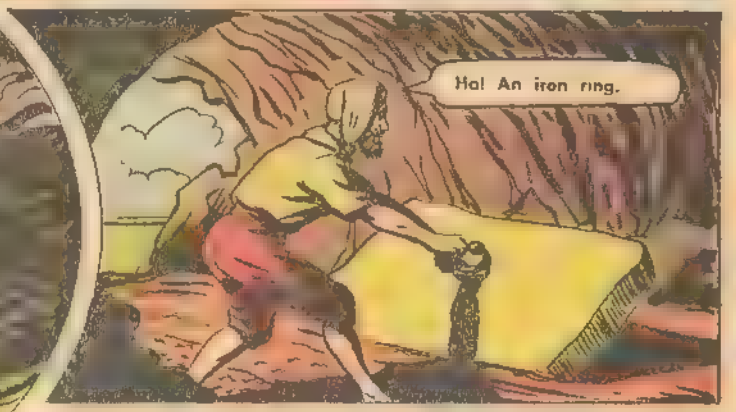
My ruse worked. Now I can search the island.

These rocks look promising.


This must lead to a cave. I'll blow it open



What guardians of treasure! ! !


Ha! An iron ring.

It was well hidden.

I'll look deeper into the cavern.

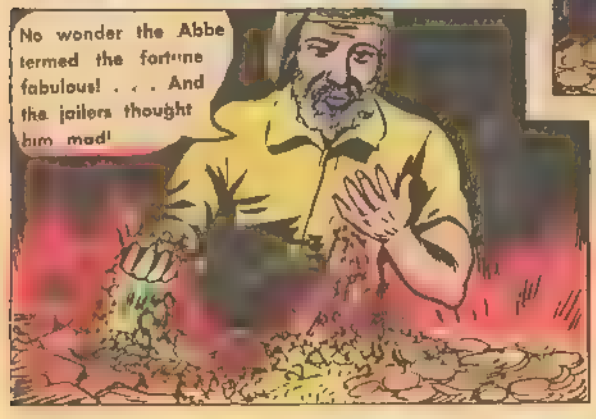
Here?

HE INSERTS HIS AXE INTO THE STONE . .
It moves ! ! !

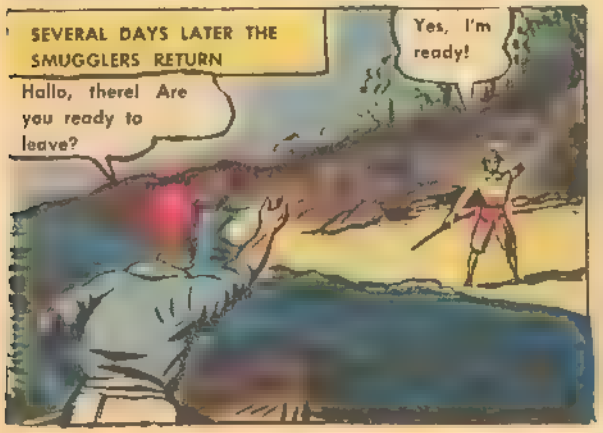
This looks as if it might conceal something of interest.

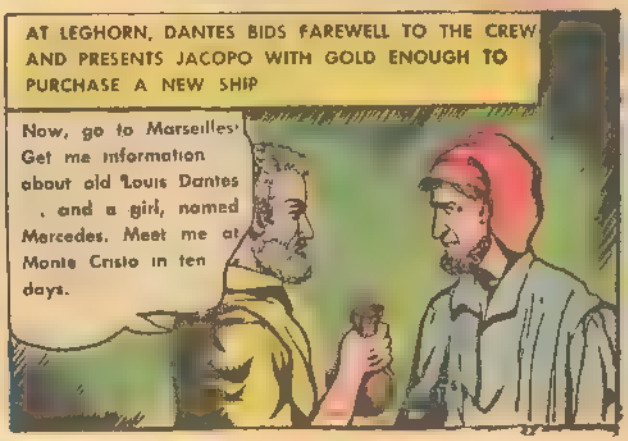
Ah! It moves

Gold coins! Gold bars! Rubies! Pearls! Diamonds!

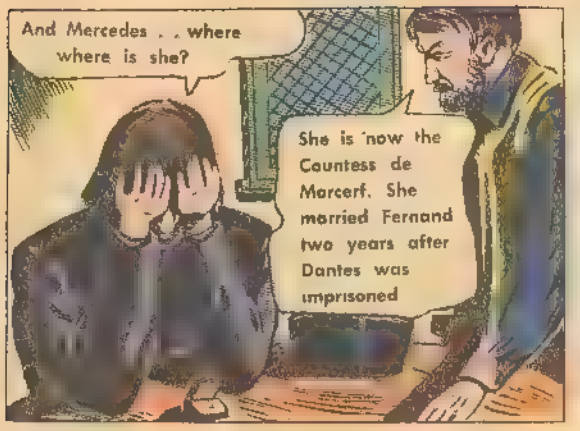

No wonder the Abbe termed the fortune fabulous! . . . And the jailers thought him mad!

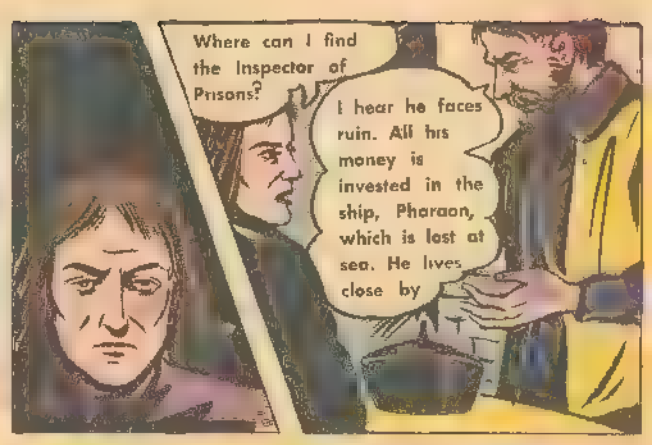
BY THE TORCHLIGHT DANTES COUNTS HIS TREASURE, WHICH IS INCREDIBLE IN ITS EXTENT!

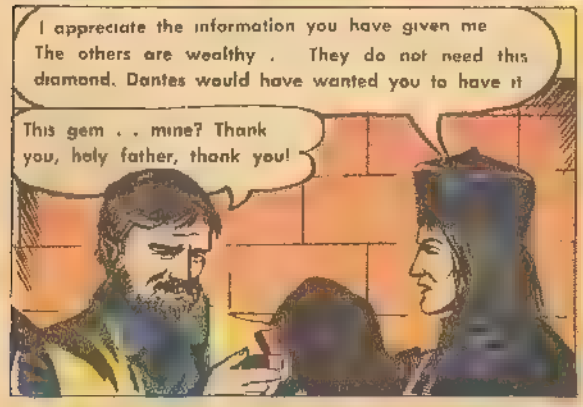

SEVERAL DAYS LATER THE SMUGGLERS RETURN
Hallo, there! Are you ready to leave?
Yes, I'm ready!

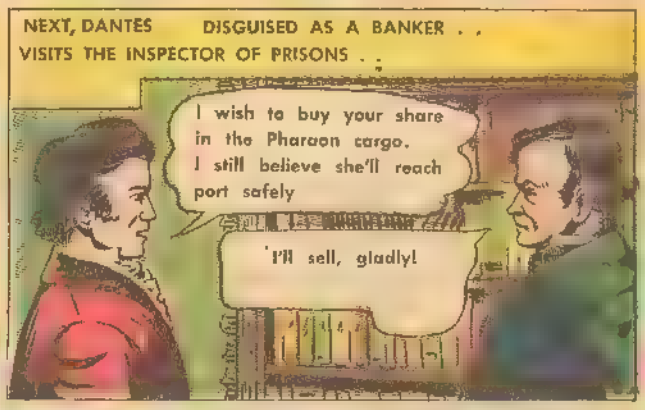

AT LEGHORN, DANTES BIDS FAREWELL TO THE CREW AND PRESENTS JACOPO WITH GOLD ENOUGH TO PURCHASE A NEW SHIP
Now, go to Marseilles! Get me information about old Louis Dantes . and a girl, named Mercedes. Meet me at Monte Cristo in ten days.

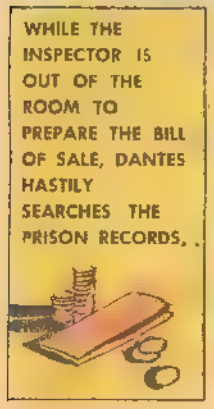
AT GENOA DANTES BUYS A BEAUTIFUL YACHT . . AND SAILS BACK TO MONTE CRISTO
Louis Dantes is dead and Mercedes cannot be found
UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME, DANTES BUYS HIS FATHER'S HOUSE AND
IN THE DISGUISE OF A PRIEST VISITS CADEROUSSE
Did you know a sailor named Dantes?
I knew him and his father well
Dantes died a wretched prisoner
Ah, the world is very wicked
This priceless diamond was left by Dantes to be given to his four friends . . Mercedes, Danglars, Fernand and you. Do you know where the others can be found?
WITH THE PROSPECT OF HIS SHARE IN THE DIAMOND CADEROUSSE TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS OF THE OTHERS
Danglars made money in the French army . . and added to his fortune by marrying a rich widow He is now Count Danglars and lives in Paris. Fernand formed a connection with a wealthy Greek . . Ali Pashi . . who left his money to Fernand when he died. Fernand is now the Count de Morcerf





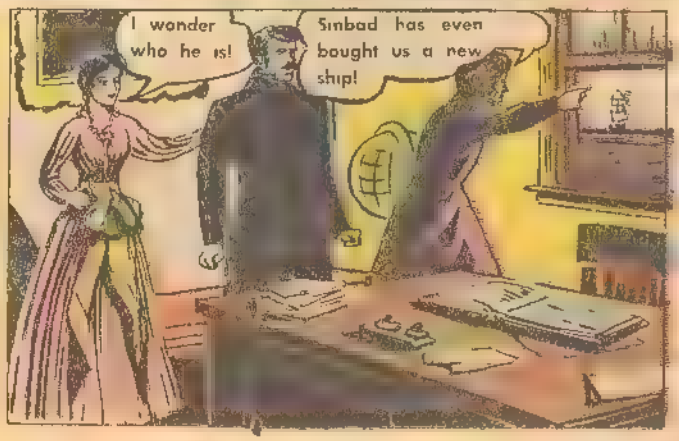




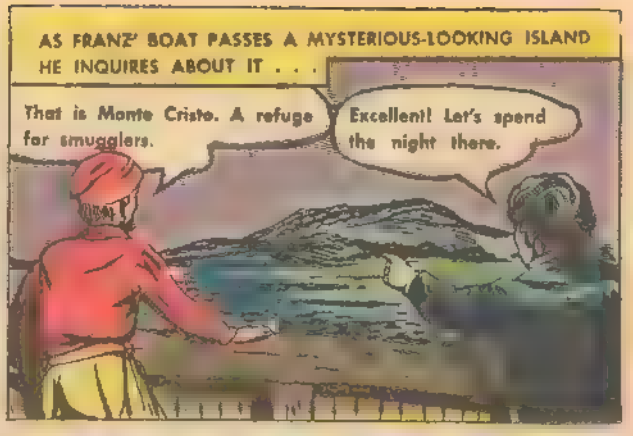


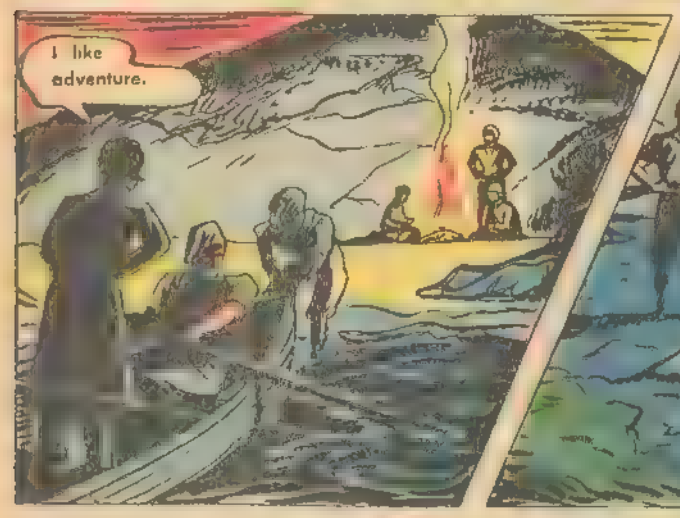
CONTINUING HIS INQUIRIES, DANTES FINDS THAT HIS OLD FRIEND AND EMPLOYER, MORREL, FACES BANKRUPTCY. SIGNING HIMSELF AS "SINBAD THE SAILOR," HE LAVISHES GREAT WEALTH UPON THE FAMILY TO THE ETERNAL GRATITUDE OF MORREL'S CHILDREN, MAXIMILLIAN AND JULIE . . AND THEN DISAPPEARS FROM MARSEILLES .

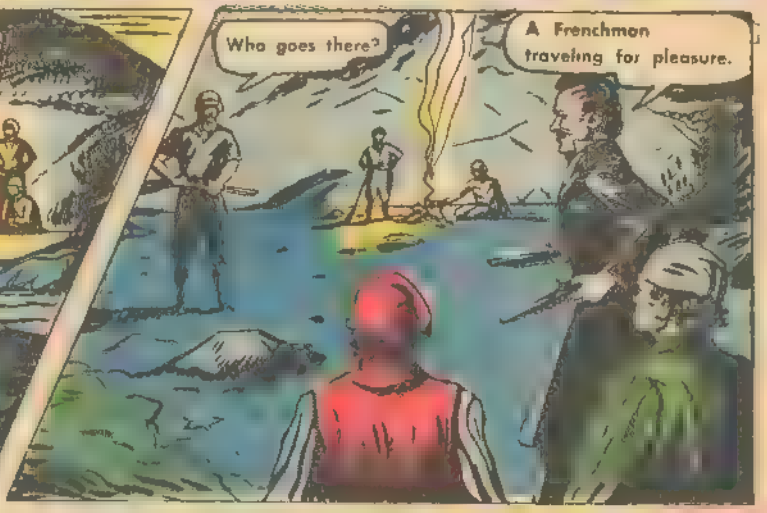
Sinbad the Sailor



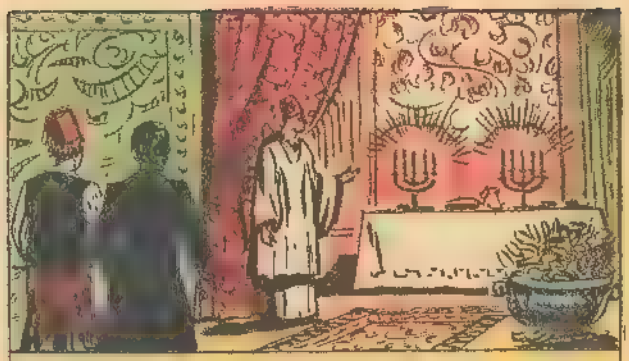
AT THIS TIME, TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN FROM PARIS, SET OUT ON PLEASURE TRIPS ONE TRAVELS TO VENICE . THE OTHER SAILS TOWARD THE MEDITERRANEAN . BUT THEY HAVE PROMISED TO MEET IN ROME TO SEE THE WORLD-FAMED CARNIVAL. THE YOUNG MEN ARE . .

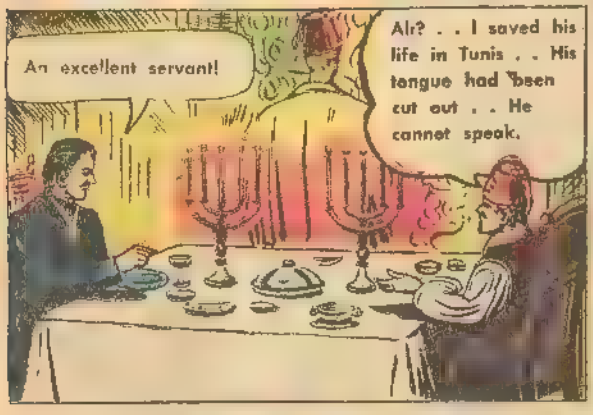






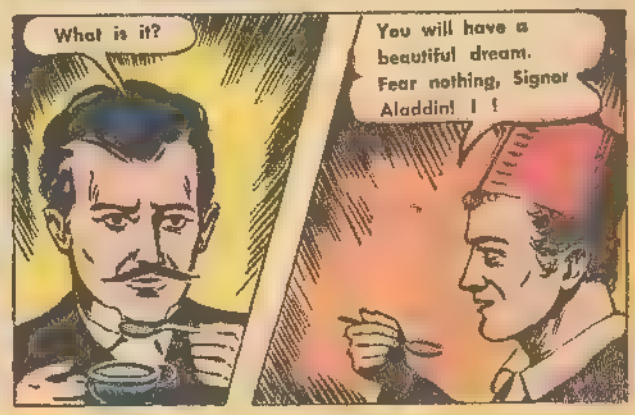
I did not ask your name. You may call me "Sinbad the Sailor"
I must be Aladdin.


THE SERVANT MAKES A SIGN SUMMONING THEM TO THE DINING ROOM.


An excellent servant!
Ali? . . I saved his life in Tunis . . His tongue had been cut out . . He cannot speak.

You yourself seem to have suffered greatly.
If you had tasted my life you would have only one purpose.
ALI CONTINUES TO SERVE SUMPTUOUS AND INTERESTING DISHES.

Vengeance . . for instance?
You have guessed correctly! Revenge! But look! Is this not tempting?


What is it?
You will have a beautiful dream. Fear nothing, Signor Aladdin! ! !

You will sleep now, my friend . . but you will be unharmed!

WHEN FRANZ AWAKENS NEXT MORNING, HE IS OUTSIDE THE CAVE PALACE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR. . .
Where was I last night? How strange!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN ROME FRANZ RECOUNTS HIS ADVENTURES TO ALBERT AS THEY PREPARE TO GO OUT INTO THE NIGHT THE INNKEEPER WARNS THEM .

The city is filled with Luigi Vampa's bandits . . They rob the rich . .

That sounds exciting!

If you must go out, pray, be careful, sir!

We'll be all right Let's go Albert!

THEY APPROACH THE VAST RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM LOOMING MYSTERIOUS IN THE MOONLIGHT .

FRANZ, EXPLORING ALONE, SEES A STRANGER APPROACHING .

I will hide

ANOTHER STRANGER SOON JOINS HIM . . .

I had to see you! Two of my men are to be executed at the carnival . . One of them is our good friend, Bertuccio. Can you save him?

I will do all I can to buy his release.

I knew I could count on you!

Think nothing of it, Luigi!

Yellow curtains will be draped in the windows of Cafe Rospoli, if I obtain his pardon . .

Your excellency knows my devotion to you! Hush! I I heard a noise. Adieu! I I

FRANZ RECOGNIZES THE VOICE OF THE MAN IN THE TOP HAT

"Sinbad, the Sailor"!

FRANZ AND ALBERT RETURN TO THEIR INN WITHOUT MISHAP . . AT THE OPERA THE NEXT NIGHT WITH A FRIEND . . FRANZ AGAIN SEES "SINBAD THE SAILOR" WITH A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Who is that lovely creature in the Greek costume and that pale, terrifying man with her?

I must find out who they are!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, FRANZ AND ALBERT ASK THEIR INNKEEPER TO ORDER THEM A CARRIAGE TO GO TO THE FESTIVITIES .

I have good news. The Count of Monte Cristo, who is a guest here, offers you two seats in his carriage

The Count of Monte Cristo !? !

A MOMENT LATER, A LIVERIED SERVANT APPEARS. . .

His Excellency, the Count of Monte Cristo, desires to call upon you.

Tell the Count that we shall do ourselves the honor of calling upon him

Gentlemen, permit me to take you to the carnival as my guests First we shall watch the executions, from the Cafe Rospoli.

The Count of Monte Cristo is Sinbad, the Sailor! He pretends not to recognize me.

LATER AT THE CAFE ROSPOLI . . .

Yellow curtains! He has bought Bertuccio's pardon, as he promised.

Halt the execution! A pardon has come for Bertuccio!

This man saves bandits from the gallows and befriends strangers!

What kind of a man is this Count of Monte Cristo?

THE CARNIVAL!
MASKED LADY. .
WHILE FRANZ GOES HIS WAY WITH HIS FRIEND, THEY HAVE PLANNED TO MEET AT MIDNIGHT . . .
Where is Albert? He is late.
I fear that something has happened to him. A servant has just given me this note from a man waiting outside!
Franz: I have been captured by Luigi Vampa. He demands 4,000 piastres by dawn or I will die. Have the money within the
FRANZ APPEALS TO THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO . . .
Must we give this money to Luigi Vampa? Have you not done him a favor by saving Bertuccio's life?
Aha! So you know that? Well, let's go.
THEY ARRIVE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS . LUIGI VAMPA'S CAMP.
Follow me!
Was it not agreed that you would respect the person of my friends?
Your Excellency . . I did not know that the Count de Morcerf was your friend. I will free him immediately!
ALBERT IS SOUND ASLEEP IN THE CORNER .
Why did you rouse me at this hour? What! Franz and the Count here!?!
My apologies, Excellency.
THE NEXT MORNING AT THE INN .
M. Le Count, I am indebted to you for my life.
Ah! But I have a favor to ask in return . . I have never been in Paris . . I plan to go soon . . Will you introduce me to its society?
Delighted! When shall I expect you?
Three months from this hour . . May 21 at 10:30 in the forenoon.
Why did he shudder when he touched Albert's hand?

IN PARIS, THREE MONTHS LATER ALBERT AND HIS GUESTS WAIT CURIOUSLY . . ANXIOUSLY . .

Where is this extraordinary man who has a Greek slave for a friend?

There is no Count of Monte Cristo! The clock is striking ten-thirty.

His Excellency the Count of Monte Cristo.

ALBERT INTRODUCES HIS GUESTS . .

M. Maximilian Morrel, Captain of our African regiment. He is a brave man.

He does not know that I am Sinbad, the Sailor!

Delighted, M. le Count!

AFTER HIS OTHER GUESTS DEPART . .

My parents are eager to meet you!

Welcome, Monsieur. You saved our son's life! We are grateful!

It was nothing, Count de Morcerf.

Excuse me, sir. I am due at the Chamber of Peers.

My mother . . The Countess . . Good heavens! Are you ill, mother?

AFTER MONTE CRISTO'S DEPARTURE . .

How does he come by the name Monte Cristo?

Merely a title he took from an island he purchased . . But his manners are perfect and he is immensely rich.

If this man is your friend, take care!

Should I fear the man who has saved my life?

A FEW DAYS LATER MONTE CRISTO BUYS A HOUSE IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF PARIS . . A HOUSE ONCE OWNED BY VILLEFORT. HE TAKES HIS NEW CARETAKER BERTUCCIO, TO INSPECT IT . . .

Bertuccio, what is the matter? You look frightened

Nothing . it is nothing!

AS THEY ENTER THE HOUSE

Let's take this private staircase leading to the gardens.

Monsieur, I can go no farther I am frightened!

Are you out of your mind?

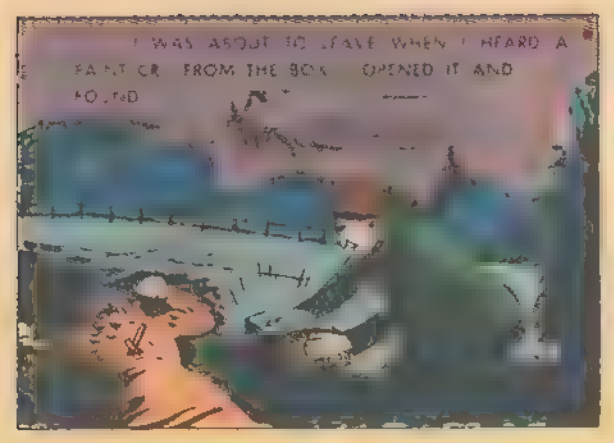
Excellency I have never told this story to anyone .

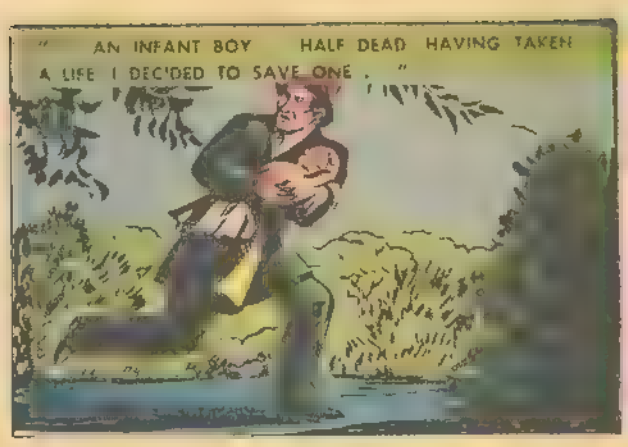
"MY BROTHER WAS ASSASSINATED BY THE ROYALISTS I BEGGED M VILLEFORT, WHO WAS THEN DEPUTY PROSECUTOR TO PUNISH HIS MURDERERS BUT HE REFUSED. I WAS ENRAGED, AND "

" VOWING TO KILL HIM I FOLLOWED HIM TO THIS HOUSE "

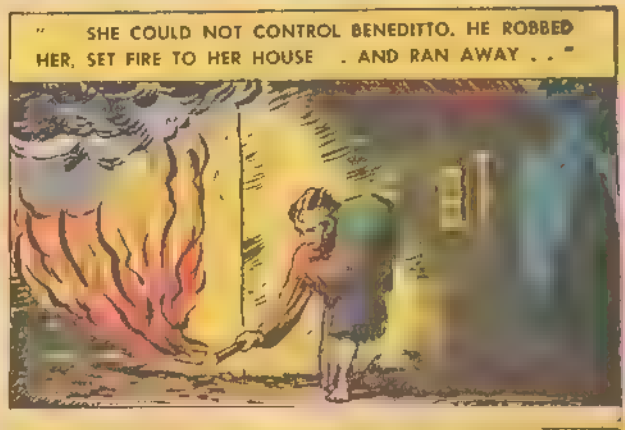
" I WATCHED VILLEFORT DROP A SMALL BOX ON THE GROUND AND START DIGGING . . I LEAPED OUT. . "

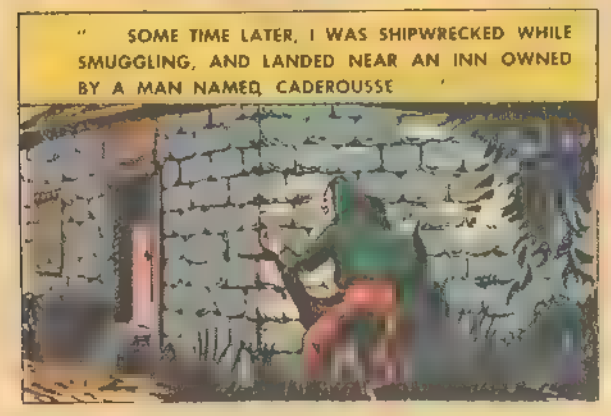
" . . AND STABBED HIM TO DEATH ."

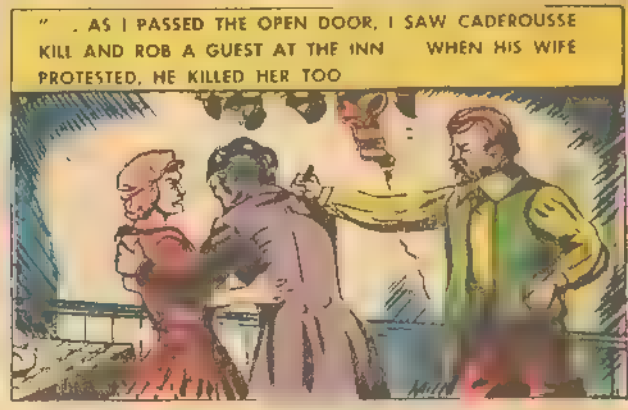

I WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN I HEARD A
FAINT CR FROM THE BOX OPENED IT AND
FOUND

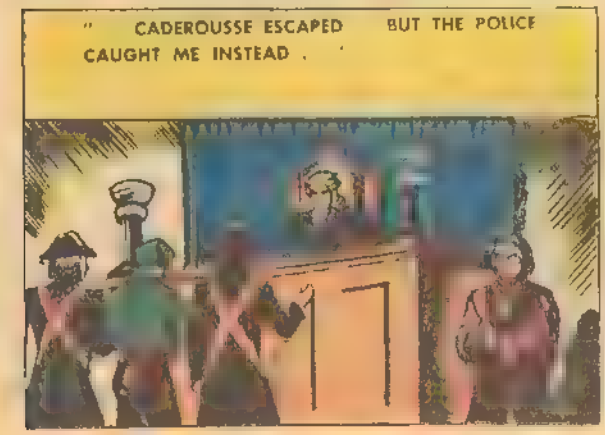

" AN INFANT BOY HALF DEAD HAVING TAKEN
A LIFE I DEC'DED TO SAVE ONE . "

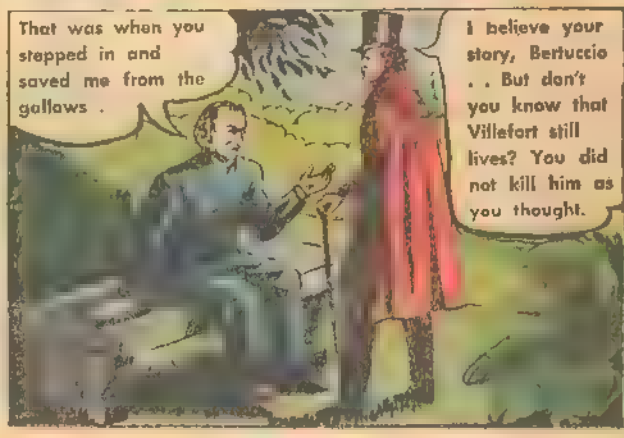
" I TOOK THE CHILD TO MY SISTER WHO RAISED
HIM TO BE HER OWN SHE NAMED HIM
BENEDITTO


" SHE COULD NOT CONTROL BENEDITTO. HE ROBBED
HER, SET FIRE TO HER HOUSE . AND RAN AWAY . . "


" SOME TIME LATER, I WAS SHIPWRECKED WHILE
SMUGGLING, AND LANDED NEAR AN INN OWNED
BY A MAN NAMED CADEROUSSE


" . AS I PASSED THE OPEN DOOR, I SAW CADEROUSSE
KILL AND ROB A GUEST AT THE INN WHEN HIS WIFE
PROTESTED, HE KILLED HER TOO


" CADEROUSSE ESCAPED BUT THE POLICE
CAUGHT ME INSTEAD .


That was when you stepped in and saved me from the gallows .
I believe your story, Bertuccio . . But don't you know that Villefort still lives? You did not kill him as you thought.

UPON HIS RETURN TO PARIS MONTE CRISTO FINDS HIS "MYSTERIOUS GREEK LADY" WAITING . .

Welcome to Paris my dear Haydee I have found a very pleasant place for you to live

AS ANOTHER MOVE IN THE ACT OF VENGEANCE, MONTE CRISTO CALLS UPON BARON DANGLARS, THE BANKER, TO ESTABLISH CREDIT FOR SECURING MONEY . . .

I am at your service, your excellency.

Baron Danglars, I wish to open an account with you

M. le Count, I have a letter giving you unlimited credit . . Unlimited is a dangerous word.

I carry a million . . a trifle . . with me. I expect six million on demand. My letters of credit bear three famous banking signatures

Now that our business is transacted, may I present the Baroness, my wife!

CASUAL CONVERSATION FOLLOWS THE INTRODUCTION TO THE BARONESS . .

You say you own horses, madame?

The most spirited horses in Paris! My friend, Mme. Villefort, is borrowing them tomorrow at three. She admires them greatly!

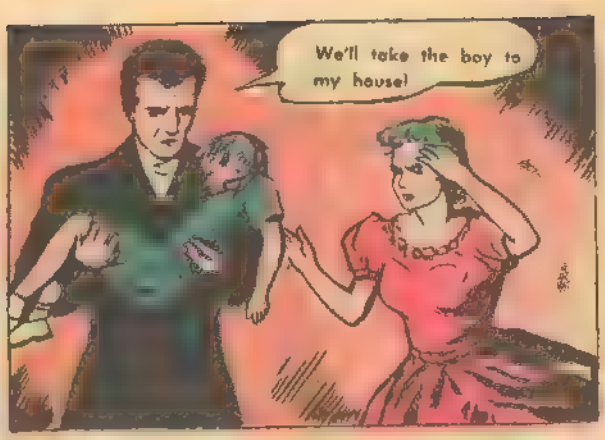
An idea! I shall arrange to have the horses run away. The rescue will make the wife of M. Villefort my friend.

THE NEXT DAY AT THREE O'CLOCK.

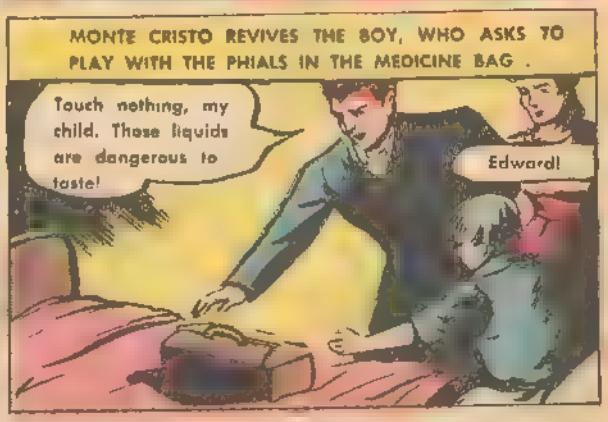
Ali, you know how to use the lasso? Then station yourself outside and stop two run-away grey horses.

Here they come!

Stop those horses!
HELP! HELP!

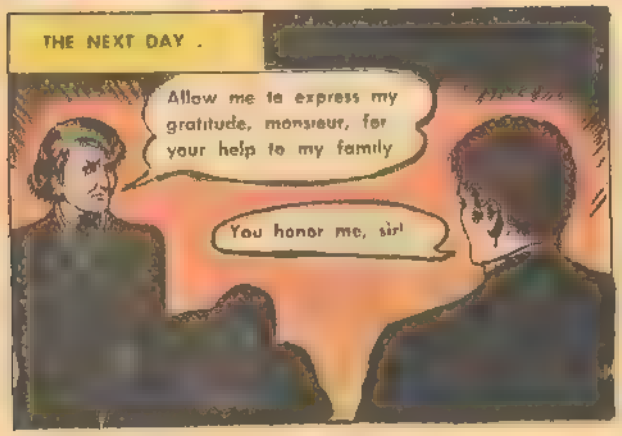

We'll take the boy to my house!

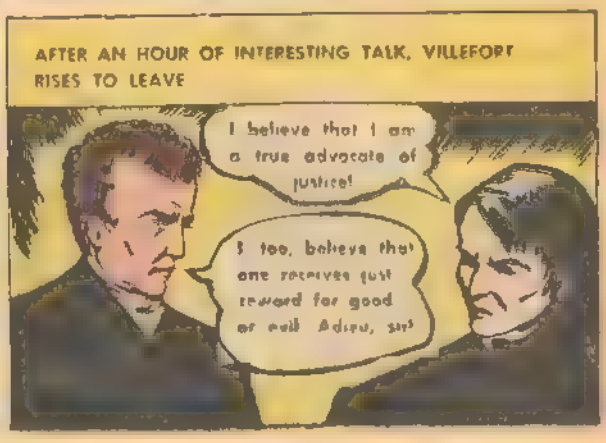
To whom am I indebted for our rescue?
To my slave Ali!


MONTE CRISTO REVIVES THE BOY, WHO ASKS TO PLAY WITH THE PHIALS IN THE MEDICINE BAG .
Touch nothing, my child. Those liquids are dangerous to taste!
Edward!

How grateful my husband M Villefort, will be!

WITHIN AN HOUR, ALL OF PARIS SOCIETY IS EXCITED ABOUT THE THRILLING RESCUE .
All has gone according to my wishes


THE NEXT DAY .
Allow me to express my gratitude, monsieur, for your help to my family
You honor me, sir!


AFTER AN HOUR OF INTERESTING TALK, VILLEFORT RISES TO LEAVE
I believe that I am a true advocate of justice!
I too, believe that one receives just reward for good or evil Adieu, sir!

STEP BY STEP, MONTE CRISTO MOVES RELENTLESSLY SPINNING HIS WEB OF REVENGE ONE EVENING AT THE OPERA, HE AGAIN MEETS THE MORCERFS IN THE BOX OF BARONESS DANGLARS

Who is the charming woman with the Baroness, Albert?

Her daughter, Eugenie and my fiancee. This betrothal is my father's wish . . not mine. Permit me to present her?

All Paris is curious about the beautiful lady with whom you are seen frequently. Is she your daughter?

No She is an unfortunate Greek I am her guardian.

MONTE CRISTO THEN TURNS TO ALBERT'S FATHER. . .

You served in the seige of Janina?

Yes, I owe my fortune to the generosity of my chief Ali Pasha

When you were at the court of Ali Pasha, did you ever see a costume lovelier than the one worn by the count's ward, tonight?

Which one . . she?

There she is standing in the box opposite!

Oh! Oh!

That man who was staring at me I could swear he was the captain who sold my father to the Turks

Can it be possible? That man is Fernand de Morcerf!

A FEW DAYS LATER IN THE VILLEFORT GARDEN, MAXIMILLIAN MORREL IS DECLARING HIS LOVE FOR VALENTINE, VILLEFORT'S DAUGHTER BY HIS DECEASED WIFE RENEE DE SAINT MERAN.

Tell me that you will not marry Franz D'Epinay.

My father insists

If you loved me enough, you would rebel against his wishes! What about your stepmother would she help?

I cannot count on her She is envious of me . .

Envious?

Yes of the fortune I shall inherit from my paternal grandfather M Nortier . . and also from my mother's parents. My stepbrother, Edward, will not share in it

Why does your father dislike me?

I don't know .. Your name struck him like a thunderbolt! He said that your family were Bonapartists

Mademoiselle! The Count of Monte Cristo is calling on Mme Villefort Perhaps you should come in!

I'm coming. . I'll meet you tomorrow night at nine!

What is he doing at the Villeforts? He knows everybody!

IN THE DRAWING ROOM

Valentine is usually with her grandfather, M. Nortier He is paralyzed.

But his mind is sound I understand

Yes . . I suppose so M. Nortier is given Brucine His system does not receive it as a poison

He has probably become habituated to it Small doses of Brucine over a long period would prevent poisoning from a large dose

I have a keen interest in chemistry

Science can be a weapon of good or evil As medicine, it cures as a poison, it kills

VALENTINE APPEARS BRIEFLY AND DEPARTS

A charming creature.

Be still, Edward!

She's moody

MME VILLEFORT CONTINUES THE DISCUSSION OF POISONS.

The liquid you gave Edward the other day brought life back to him very quickly.

Yes, I acquired it, and much knowledge of such mixtures in the Orient

Here are some lozenges I have made especially for me, when I feel faint

Madame, do let me send you one of my private remedies!

Now I am her friend in truth! This will be fruitful soil for my purpose

THAT EVENING ALBERT DE MORCERF CALLS UPON MONTE CRISTO.

Why are you marrying Eugenie Danglars if you object to her?

Her father and my father are old friends. My mother sides with me, however

Give me your advice.

To gain your mother's esteem I will help you.

I shall give a dinner party and present a rich suitor to Count Danglars . . Although my invitations will include you, you must find a reason to remain away

You are very kind sir!

THE NEXT STEP IN MONTE CRISTO'S CAREFULLY LAID PLAN FITS SMOOTHLY INTO PLACE! HE ARRANGES FOR DANGLARS TO RECEIVE ALL FINANCIAL MESSAGES FOR HIM. FEELING CERTAIN THAT DANGLARS WILL STEAM THE LETTERS OPEN TO LEARN MONTE CRISTO'S FINANCIAL SECRETS MONTE CRISTO SENDS A TELEGRAM TO HIMSELF AT DANGLARS' ADDRESS ADVISING THE HEAVY PURCHASE OF ANGLO-SPANISH BONDS. THE RUSE WORKS AND DANGLARS INVESTS MOST OF HIS FORTUNE IN THIS WORTHLESS STOCK

AT THE APPOINTED HOUR VALENTINE AND MAXIMILLIAN MEET AGAIN IN THE GARDEN

My father has had a letter from Franz D'Epinay. He is on his way here to make final marriage arrangements.

Now I learn that my stepmother opposes my marriage to any one. She has hopes that I will enter a convent and that my fortune will go to Edward.

Give up your fortune and marry me, Valentine. Ask your grandfather's help.

M. NORTIER SIGNIFIES HIS OPPOSITION TO VALENTINE'S MARRIAGE TO FRANZ

You will help me? How? I'll get the dictionary and point out the letters!

Notary... You wish me to get a notary? To make what? ? A will? ?

M. Nortier indicates that he will disinherit Valentine if she marries D'Epinay, and give his money to charity.

His mind is gone! Valentine shall marry D'Epinay regardless.

STILL SEEKING TO WIN VILLEFORT'S CONFIDENCE

Is not Franz D'Epinay the son of General de Quesnel who was assassinated by the Bonapartists of whom M. Nortier was one?

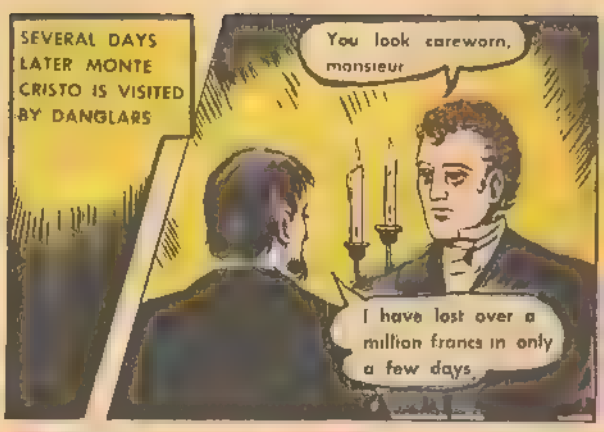
Yes...that is why I wish Valentine to marry the son. It will end the feud.

MONTE CRISTO OFFERS HIS SYMPATHY

It is unfortunate that M. Nortier does not leave his fortune to your Edward. Well I must leave now. I shall expect you both at my dinner party.

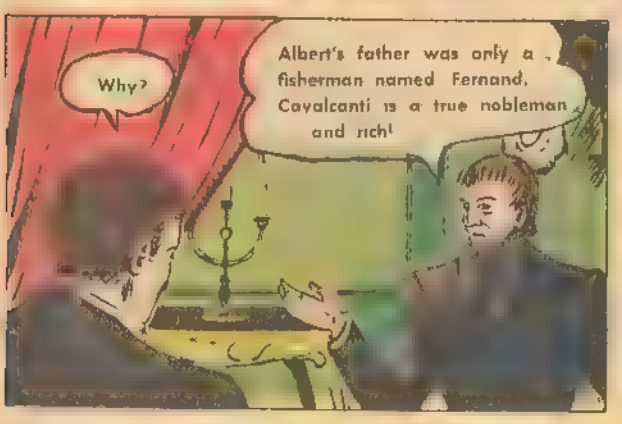
IT IS A WARM SUMMER NIGHT WHEN MONTE CRISTO'S GUESTS ASSEMBLE AT HIS AUTEUIL HOME . . AMONG THEM IS BENEDITTO, WHOM HE INTRODUCES AS COUNT ANDREA CAVALCANTI. MONTE CRISTO HAS MANY PLANS AMONG THEM TO TORTURE VILLEFORT'S CONSCIENCE!
This is a strange house! One would think that a crime had been committed here!
That, my dear sir, has at times occurred to me Shall we have our coffee in the garden?
Imagine a body buried here!
This may even be the spot where the crime was committed.
Villefort looks frightened!
Confidentially, my gardener did find a skeleton here . Probably buried alive!
M. Villefort, as Chief Prosecutor, you should investigate!
MONTE CRISTO MAKES CERTAIN THAT DANGLARS IS IMPRESSED BY ANDREA CAVALCANTI
So you are of the Italian nobility?
My father is an Italian prince.
BERTUCCIO, WATCHING FROM THE DISTANCE FEELS AS IF HE IS SEEING GHOSTS
Villefort here? The young Cavalcanti is the rogue my sister named Benedittto!
Hm! A prince . . very rich! Hm!
FINALLY THE GUESTS DEPART . . .
JUST AS CAVALCANTI ENTERS HIS CARRIAGE, A BEGGAR APPEARS FROM THE SHRUBBERY .
Caderousse! What do you want?
Money! I know who you are! Shall I tell Danglars , or . .

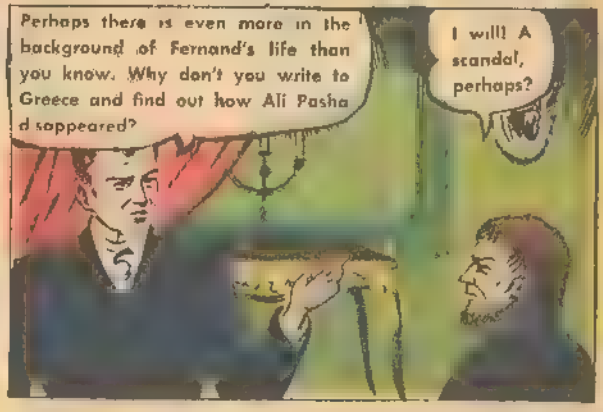
For one hundred francs I will keep silent
Here take the money and go!

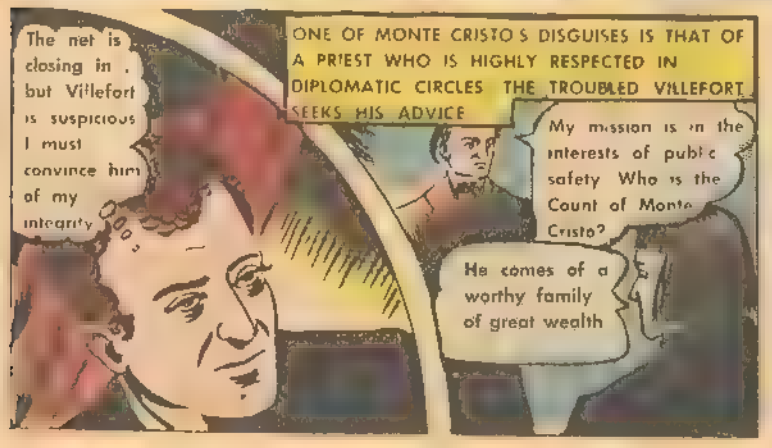

SEVERAL DAYS LATER MONTE CRISTO IS VISITED BY DANGLARS
You look careworn, monsieur
I have lost over a million francs in only a few days

You should be more careful in your investments
Your advice is sound, my dear friend . . Mm I am interested in young Cavalcanti Tell me more about him

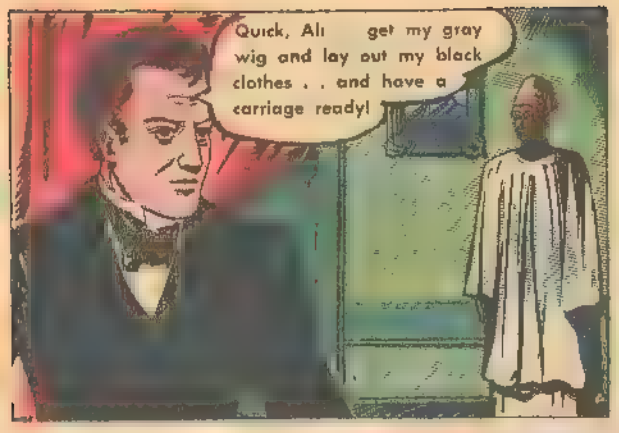
He is here to choose a wife
A fine son-in-law! I should prefer him to Albert de Morcerf

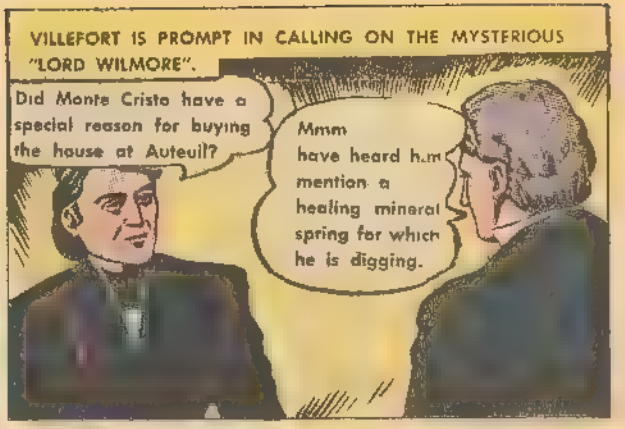

Why?
Albert's father was only a fisherman named Fernand. Cavalcanti is a true nobleman and rich!

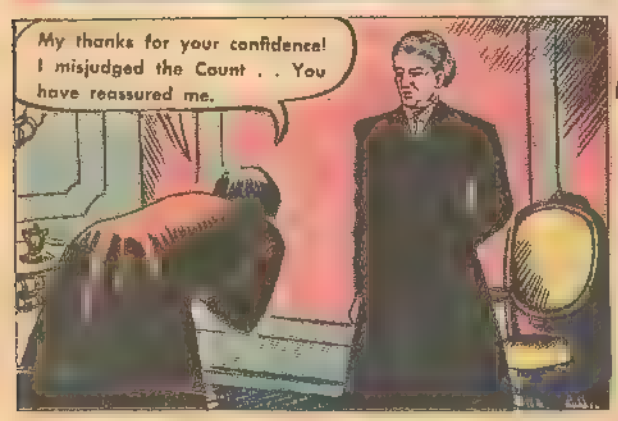

Perhaps there is even more in the background of Fernand's life than you know. Why don't you write to Greece and find out how Ali Pasha disappeared?
I will! A scandal, perhaps?


The net is closing in . but Villefort is suspicious I must convince him of my integrity
ONE OF MONTE CRISTO'S DISGUISES IS THAT OF A PRIEST WHO IS HIGHLY RESPECTED IN DIPLOMATIC CIRCLES THE TROUBLED VILLEFORT SEEKS HIS ADVICE
My mission is in the interests of public safety Who is the Count of Monte Cristo?
He comes of a worthy family of great wealth

Lord Wilmore can tell you more about him. He knows them well
Thank you! I shall call upon him

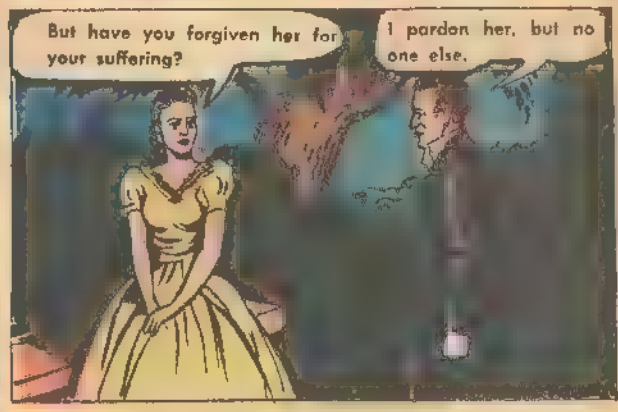

Quick, Ali get my gray wig and lay out my black clothes . . and have a carriage ready!

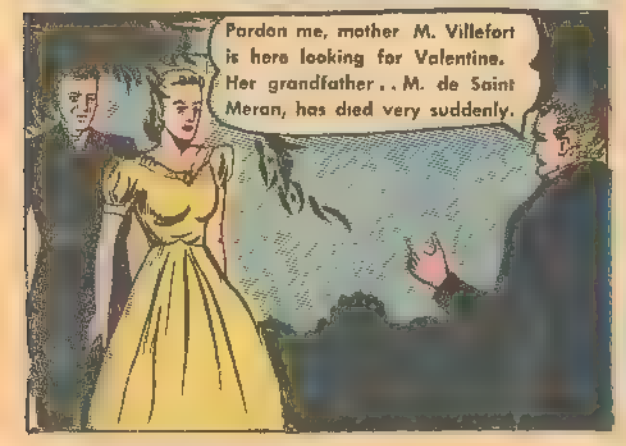

VILLEFORT IS PROMPT IN CALLING ON THE MYSTERIOUS "LORD WILMORE".
Did Monte Cristo have a special reason for buying the house at Auteuil?
Mmm have heard him mention a healing mineral spring for which he is digging.

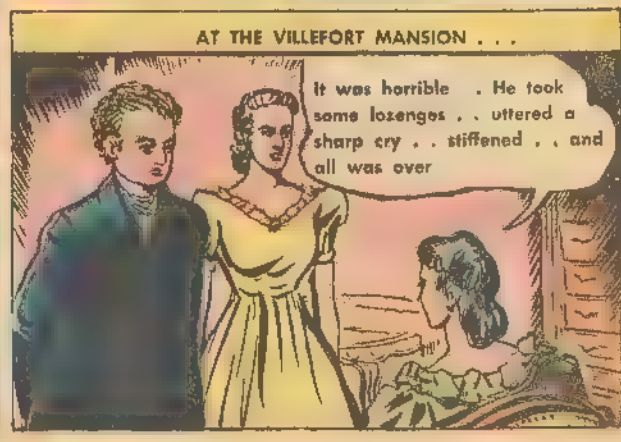

My thanks for your confidence! I misjudged the Count . . You have reassured me.

MERCEDES, TOO, IS TROUBLED . . SEVERAL WEEKS LATER AT THE MORCERF'S BALL .
It is warm in the salon . . Shall we walk in the garden?

Sir, is it true that you have suffered deeply? Was it a woman?
Partly! I loved a girl once who could not wait for me and married another


But have you forgiven her for your suffering?
I pardon her, but no one else.


Pardon me, mother M. Villefort is here looking for Valentine. Her grandfather . . M. de Saint Meran, has died very suddenly.


AT THE VILLEFORT MANSION . . .
It was horrible . He took some lozenges . . uttered a sharp cry . . stiffened . . and all was over

THE NEXT DAY MME. DE SAINT MERAN BECOMES VERY ILL . . .

Valentine, I am dying. I wish to see you married to M. D'Epinay

No, no, you must not die!

A phantom in white appeared last night and removed my glass. It is a warning of death. Make haste!

Be calm, grandmama. I will summon M. D'Epinay immediately

A FEW MOMENTS LATER IN THE GARDEN

My dearest, you must promise that your marriage to D'Epinay will never take place!

How can I resist my grandmother's last wish?

Adieu! I cannot live without you

Wait here, Maximillian. I promise! I love you too much!

MME. DE SAINT MERAN DIES BEFORE D'EPINAY ARRIVES . .

AS THE DOCTOR IS LEAVING, MAXIMILLIAN OVERHEARS A FRIGHTFUL SECRET . . .

M. Villefort, I must tell you that both deaths were caused by poison . . Brucine, perhaps!

Impossible! Are you sure?

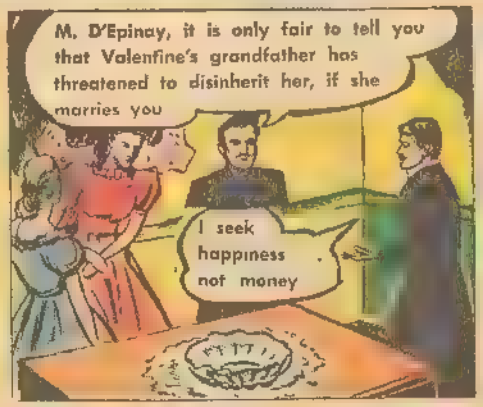
Had anyone any reason to profit by the death of M. and Mme. de Saint Meran?

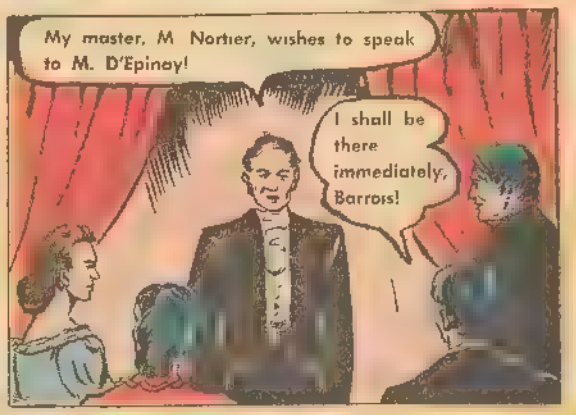
Only my daughter, Valentine . . She inherits their entire fortune.

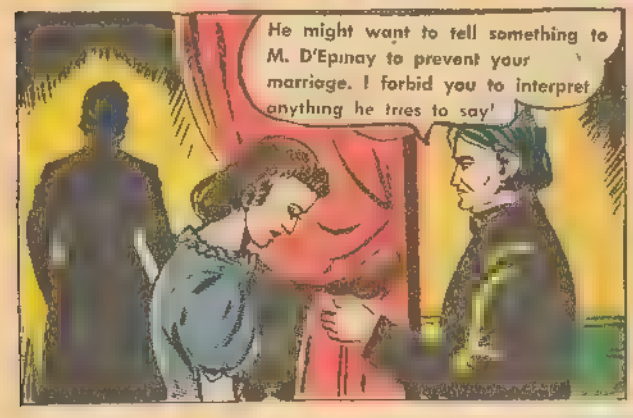
You are a magistrate. Do as you will, but be on your guard

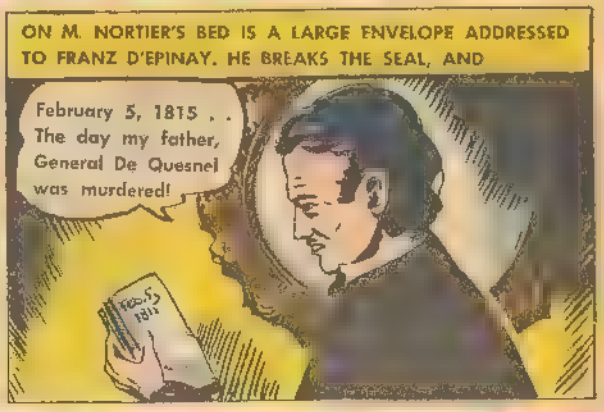
I beseech you, as a friend . . Keep this a secret . . It would ruin me.

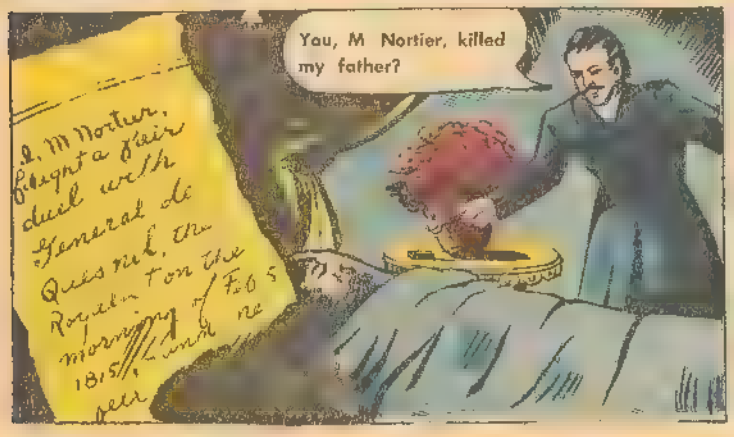
AFTER THE FUNERAL, FRANZ D'EPINAY RETURNS WITH THE VILLEFORTS TO SIGN THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

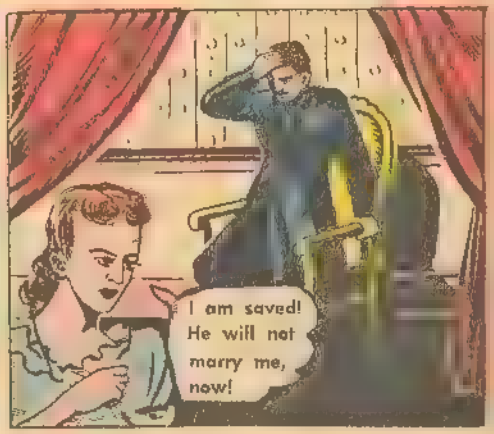












THE FOLLOWING EVENING THE DANGLARS ARE ENTERTAINING GUESTS.

Your daughter and Albert seem well suited.

The rich Cavalcanti suits her better and besides

. I have heard from Greece. All I can disclose to you at the moment is that Count de Morcerf was hardly considered a hero there!

Indeed!

Let us stop for a while, Albert, and visit with my ward Haydee

I would enjoy that! I am very interested in the story of her misfortune!

Haydee, may I present my friend, Viscount Albert de Morcerf. He is eager to hear about your childhood.

It is a simple story

"I WAS BORN IN GREECE MY FATHER WAS THE GREAT ALI PASHA OF JANINA, AND I WAS THE PRINCESS HAYDEE

" WE WERE HAPPY AND AT PEACE WHEN THE TURKS INVADED "

" . WITH THE AID OF A FRENCH OFFICER WE PLANNED TO ESCAPE "

BUT THE FRENCH OFFICER BETRAYED US MY FATHER'S TONGUE WAS CUT OUT AND HE WAS ENSLAVED "

" WHILE MY POOR MOTHER AND I WERE SOLD BY THE OFFICER AS SLAVES

I can finish the story . I bought the little Princess Haydee from the Turkish Sultan.
What a tragic story!
THE NEXT DAY, IN GREAT AGITATION ALBERT APPEARS AT THE HOUSE OF MONTE CRISTO.
Read this news item!
EDITORIAL
I. Beauchamps, editor, denounce Fernand. French captain, who fought at Janina, as the real betrayer of Ali Pasha to the Turks His action caused
Well, what of it?
My father's name is Fernand and he served at Janina
I am going to Beauchamps and insist that he retract this statement.
Suppose that it is true, and he refuses?
I will never admit such an insult to my father. I will challenge him!
Don't be so headstrong, Albert!
Beauchamps, I insist that you retract this statement!
Not until I am convinced that it is not true
I demand satisfaction! Choose your arms and seconds!
I do not wish to kill or be killed without a cause. Give me three weeks to investigate the truth.
Three weeks is a long time to wait, but his request was fair. In the meantime, I'll send Franz to Greece!

MEANWHILE, A NEW TRAGEDY ARISES . . ONE DAY MAXIMILLIAN AND VALENTINE ARE AT M. NORTIER'S BEDSIDE . .
My grandfather consents that I keep my promise to you
SUDDENLY,
What is it, Barrois? You look hot. Here, drink my lemonade.
Thank you, Mademoiselle. I have been working very hard of late
He is going to fall!
I am choking!
Call the doctor, quick!
My master, I die!
Here are the smelling salts!
Who gave you this lemonade?
Mademoiselle Valentine!
M. Nortier, you drank this lemonade, also!
Then why didn't he die?
Your father's system is used to medicinal doses of poison. But obviously Valentine tried to kill him as she did the others!
No, no! Do not make me send my daughter to the scaffold!

IN ANOTHER PART OF PARIS ANDREA CAVALCANTI IS CALLING UPON COUNT DANGLARS TO ASK FOR HIS DAUGHTER'S HAND IN MARRIAGE.

Is it true that you are heir to a great fortune?

Yes! Does that mean that I may hope to marry Eugenie?

Yes Consider it a marriage contract

A beggar left this note for you, Count Cavalcanti

CAVALCANTI DEPARTS IN HASTE . . .

Caderousse wants more money. I will have to pacify him.

I am pleased to see your affluence, Benedetto . . or are you still Cavalcanti? Who is your benefactor?

If you insist on knowing . . it is the Count of Monte Cristo!

Good! We will rob him . . Trace me a plan of the house!

You villain! Here He keeps money in a desk in his Paris home!

Monte Cristo goes to Auteuil tomorrow . . Now will you stop tormenting me?

Yes . for a while !

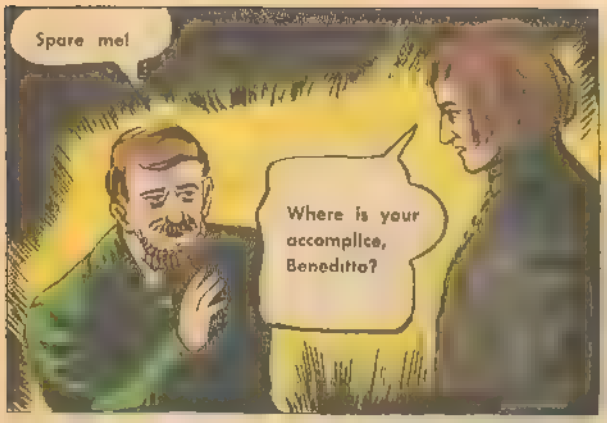
BUT THE NEXT DAY MONTE CRISTO RECEIVES AN ANONYMOUS LETTER . . .

We stay in Paris tonight. Bring me the disguise of Abbe Busoni and my steel tunic!

THAT NIGHT AS CADEROUSSE STARTS HIS EVIL WORK

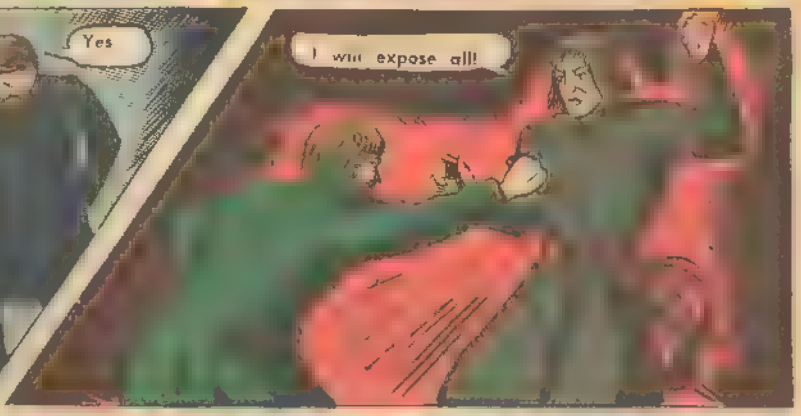
Abbe Busoni! ! !

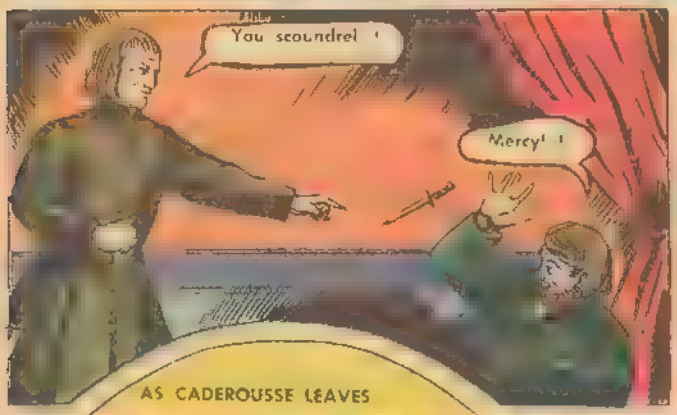
and you are still the same . a thief and assassin!

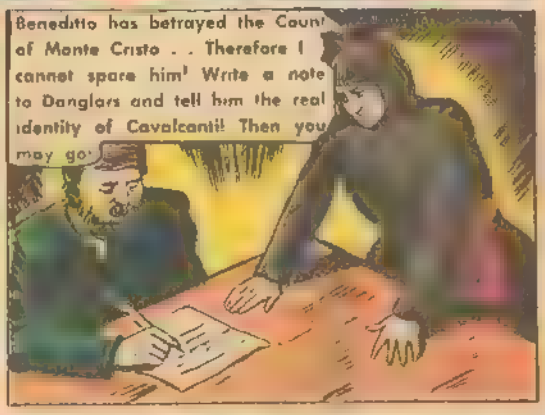

Spare me!
Where is your accomplice, Beneditto?

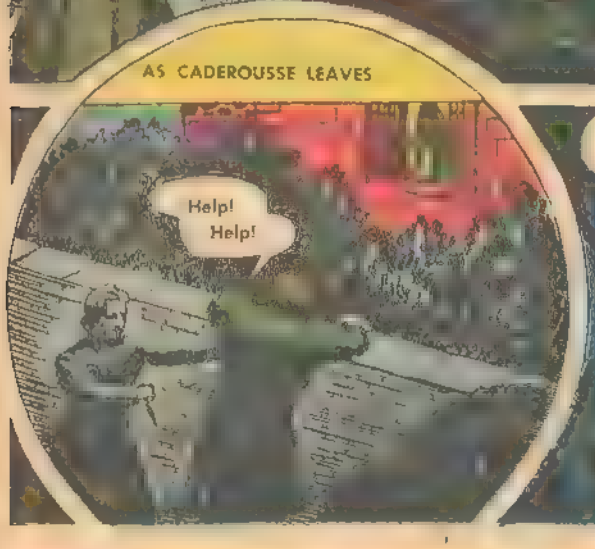
I do not know!
You lie!

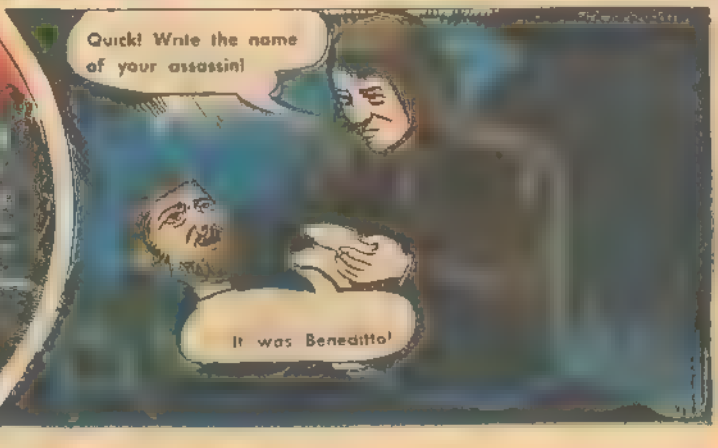
Is he not the M. Cavalcanti whom my friend, Monte Cristo, has trusted and who is to marry the daughter of Count Danglars?
Yes


I will expose all!


You scoundrel!
Mercy!

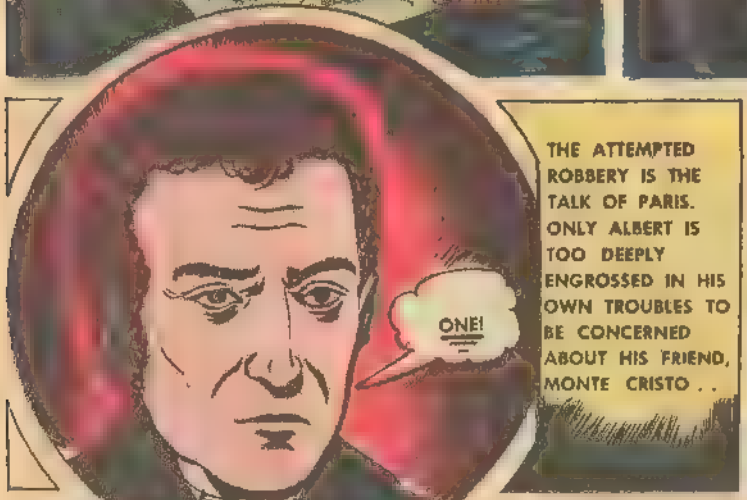

Beneditto has betrayed the Count of Monte Cristo . . Therefore I cannot spare him! Write a note to Danglars and tell him the real identity of Cavalcanti! Then you may go!

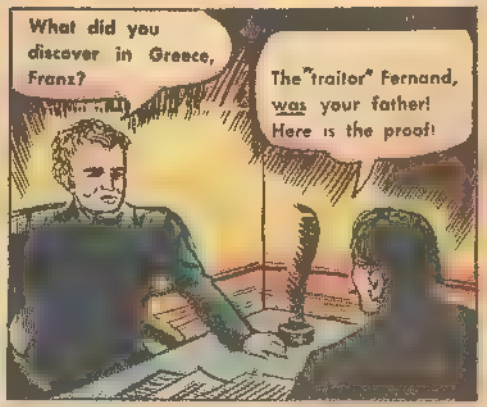

AS CADEROUSSE LEAVES
Help! Help!


Quick! Write the name of your assassin!
It was Beneditto!

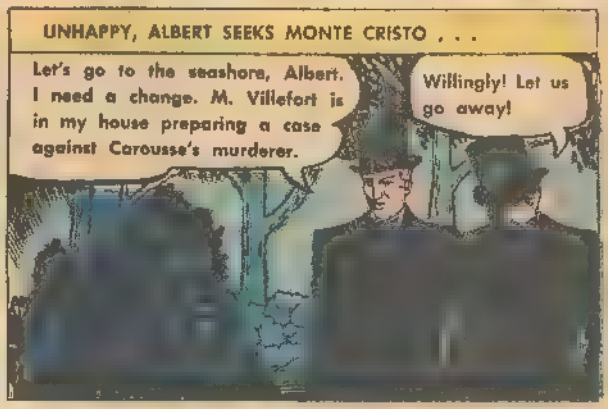
And now . look at me well!
Who . who are you?

I am Edmond Dantes!
May God forgive me! I am dying!

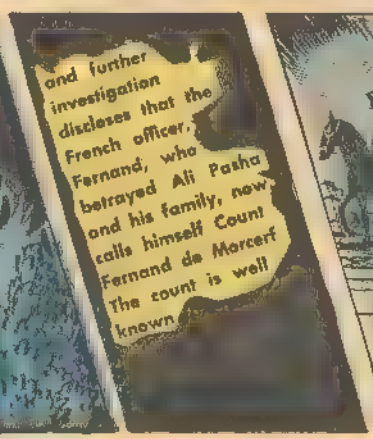

ONE!
THE ATTEMPTED ROBBERY IS THE TALK OF PARIS. ONLY ALBERT IS TOO DEEPLY ENGROSSED IN HIS OWN TROUBLES TO BE CONCERNED ABOUT HIS FRIEND, MONTE CRISTO . .

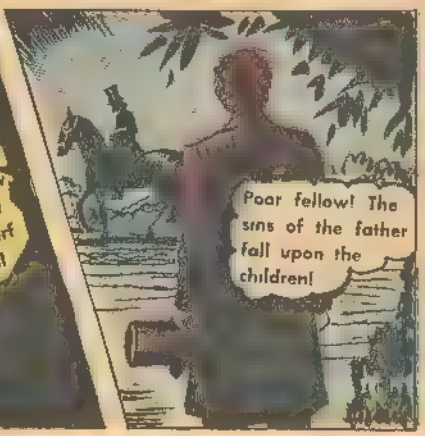

What did you discover in Greece, Franz?
The "traitor" Fernand, was your father! Here is the proof!

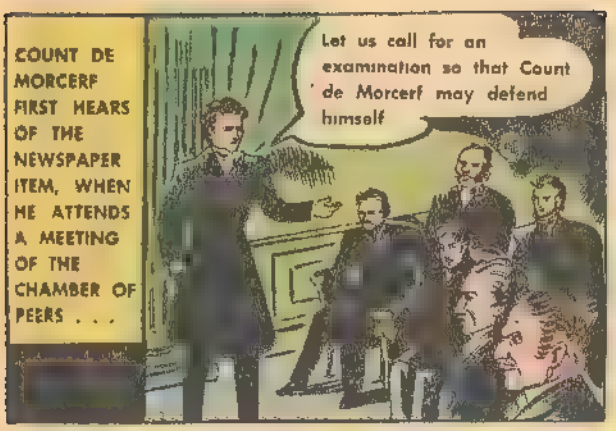
Thank you! Oh, my poor mother!
My friend, I will keep your secret!

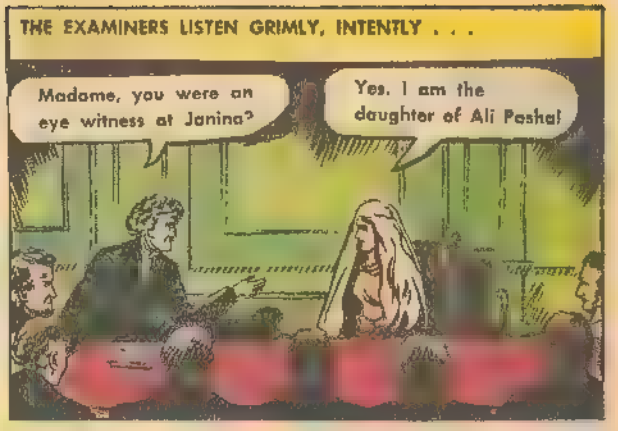

UNHAPPY, ALBERT SEEKS MONTE CRISTO . . .
Let's go to the seashore, Albert. I need a change. M. Villefort is in my house preparing a case against Carousse's murderer.
Willingly! Let us go away!

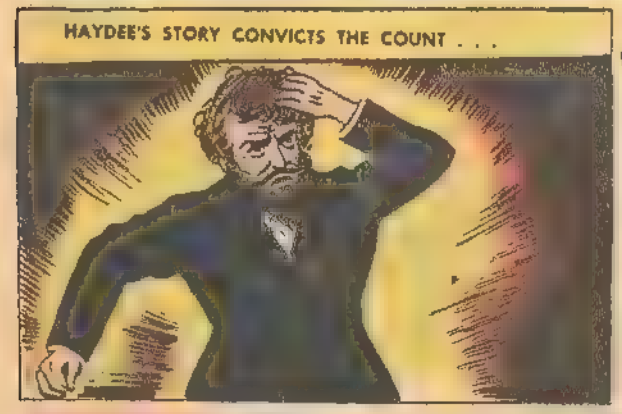
I have been looking for you Albert. Read this news item. It was in this morning's paper.
Good Lord! Read it, M. Le Count!


and further investigation discloses that the French officer, Fernand, who betrayed Ali Pasha and his family, now calls himself Count Fernand de Morcerf. The count is well known


Poor fellow! The sins of the father fall upon the children!

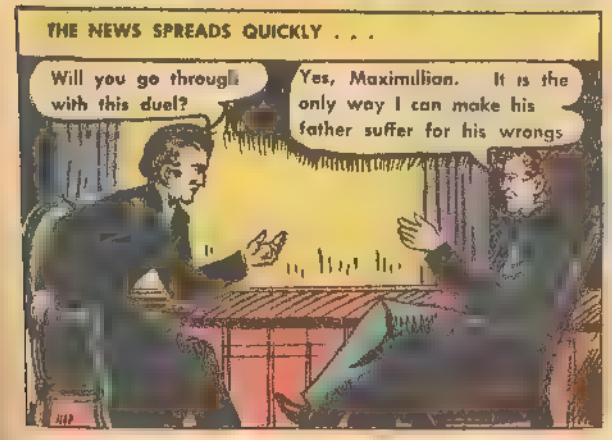

COUNT DE MORCERF FIRST HEARS OF THE NEWSPAPER ITEM, WHEN HE ATTENDS A MEETING OF THE CHAMBER OF PEERS . . .
Let us call for an examination so that Count de Morcerf may defend himself

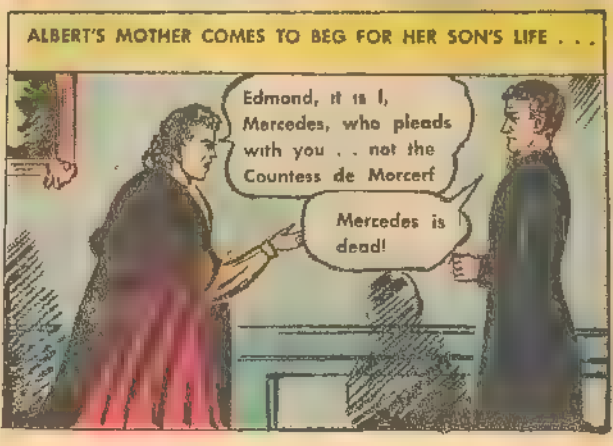

THE EXAMINERS LISTEN GRIMLY, INTENTLY . . .
Madame, you were an eye witness at Janina?
Yes. I am the daughter of Ali Pasha!

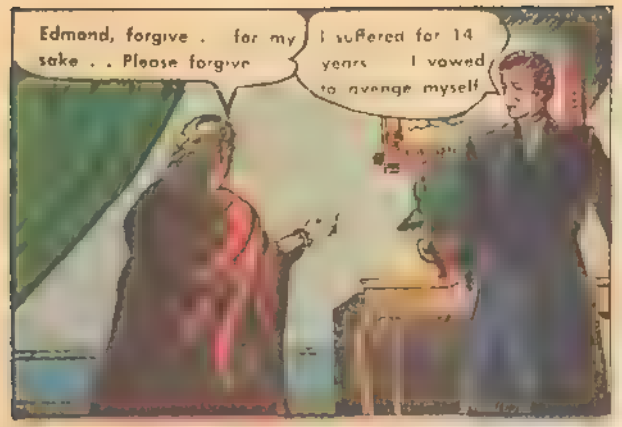

HAYDEE'S STORY CONVICTS THE COUNT . . .

Very well! I consider your glove thrown and will return it around a bullet. Now go!

ALBERT, LEARNING OF HAYDEE'S APPEARANCE AS WITNESS AGAINST HIS FATHER, GOES TO FIND MONTE CRISTO . .
I demand an explanation of your ward's behavior!
Your manner offends me. Leave my box!

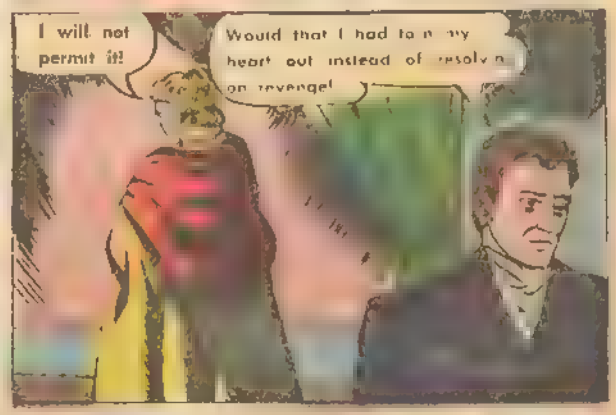

THE NEWS SPREADS QUICKLY . . .
Will you go through with this duel?
Yes, Maximillian. It is the only way I can make his father suffer for his wrongs


ALBERT'S MOTHER COMES TO BEG FOR HER SON'S LIFE . . .
Edmond, it is I, Mercedes, who pleads with you . . not the Countess de Morcerf
Mercedes is dead!


Edmond, forgive . for my sake . . Please forgive
I suffered for 14 years I vowed to avenge myself

I too, have suffered But cannot let the man I still love murder my son

The duel will take place?
Yes But my blood not your son's will flow!


I will not permit it!
Would that I had torn my heart out instead of resolving on revenge!

Did I hear you speak of death my lord?
Yes . . death . . I will make my will

You must not jest about so serious a matter for if you die I too will die!
Don't talk like that my child

Alas! I might have found happiness, after all

AS THE HOUR APPROACHES MAXIMILLIAN ARRIVES TO ACT AS MONTE CRISTO'S SECOND
Shall we go, my friend?

A SURPRISE AWAITS MONTE CRISTO AND HIS FRIENDS AT THE DUELING GROUNDS

M. Le Count, I reproach you for exposing my father, but I forgive you because of his early treachery toward you. I offer you my apologies. Will you accept them, sir?"

Gladly!

Are you ready, gentlemen? There will be no duel!

His mother's doing! She has told him the truth!

We'll leave immediately for Marseilles. There is a house there I would like to rent. It belonged to the father of my dearest friend

A message for you, sir!

Monte Cristo has sent money . . your wedding dowry from years ago. He insists that it belongs to you.

I suppose he is right. It is honorable money.

WHEN MONTE CRISTO RETURNS TO HIS HOUSE.

You are safe!

Will the fates permit me to love again?

WHEN COUNT DE MORCERF LEARNS THAT THE DUEL HAS BEEN CALLED OFF, HE RUSHES TO MONTE CRISTO'S HOUSE.

You think my son, Albert, a coward?

He is no coward! Did you come here to tell me so?

No! I have come to tell you that I have always instinctively looked upon you as my enemy. M. le Count, choose your weapons! .

I have waited for this moment . .

. . Now look at me, Fernand! I show you a face that vengeance makes young again!

Edmond Dantes ! ! !

IN TERROR, FERNAND RUSHES OUT . .

Home, coachman! Home!

MOMENTS LATER, OUTSIDE THE DE MORCERF HOME

What was that?

The report of a pistol!

THE NEXT DAY AT M. NORTIER'S BEDSIDE . . .

You look pale. Can it be the medicine your grandpapa gives you every day?

No . . I just drank some milk . . It had a bitter taste . . I feel dizzy . .

TWO!

AT VALENTINE'S WORDS, A WHIMPERING SOUND ARISES FROM THE ENFEEBLED OLD MAN .

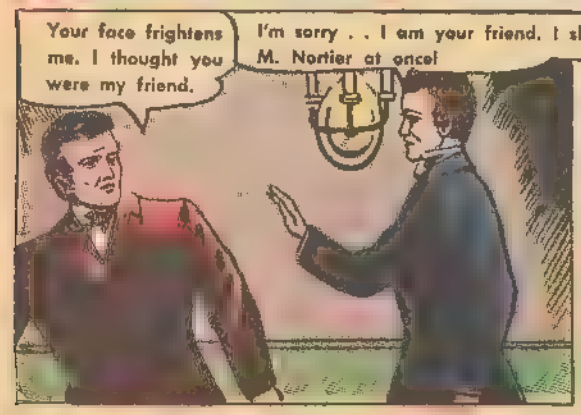
Your grandfather is trying to say something. He seems alarmed

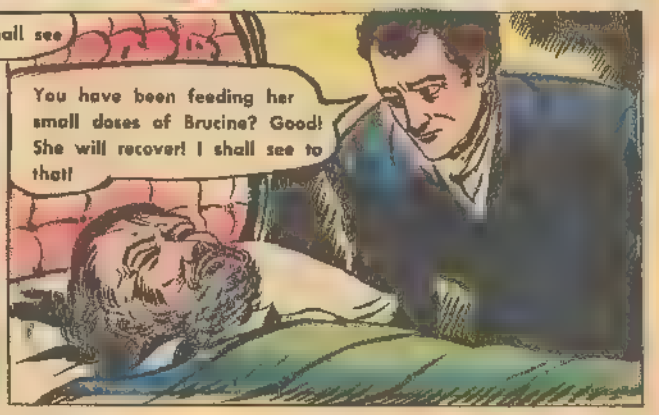
SUDDENLY . . .

I am I am ill! !

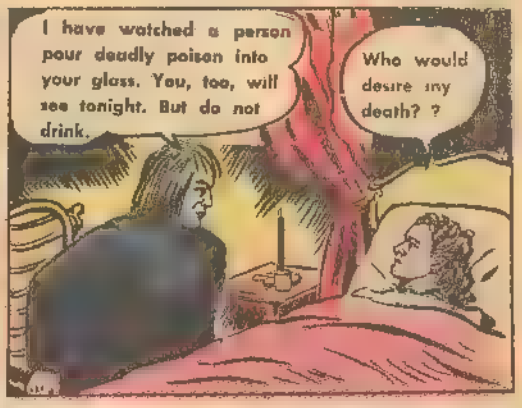
What is it this time? Usually you summon me too late.
This time it is Valentine. You accused her wrongly, you see!

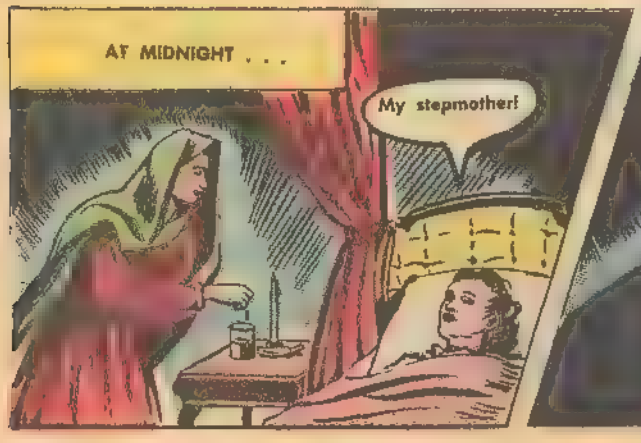
IN DESPAIR, MAXIMILLIAN RUSHES TO MONTE CRISTO FOR AID!
I love Valentine How can I save her?
Why must you embroil yourself with the accursed Villeforts?

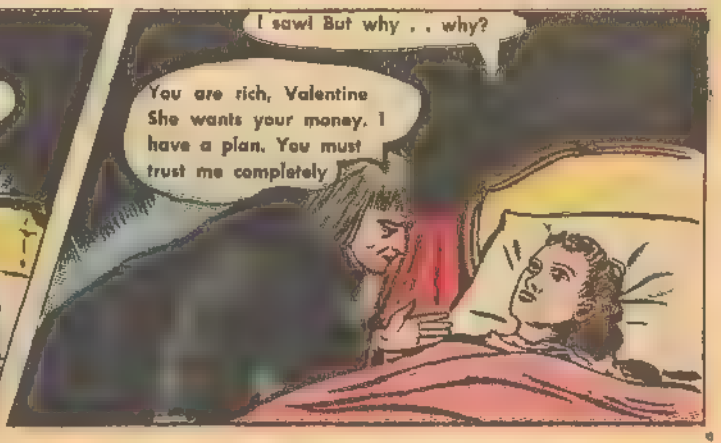

Your face frightens me. I thought you were my friend.
I'm sorry . . I am your friend. I shall see M. Nortier at once!


You have been feeding her small doses of Brucine? Good! She will recover! I shall see to that!

THE "ABBE" BUSONI" BECOMES A FREQUENT VISITOR AT THE VILLEFORT MANSION.
Valentine, I have been watching over you every second. I emptied your glass and gave you a wholesome draught before you drank your medicine.
You are very kind, holy father!


I have watched a person pour deadly poison into your glass. You, too, will see tonight. But do not drink.
Who would desire my death? ?

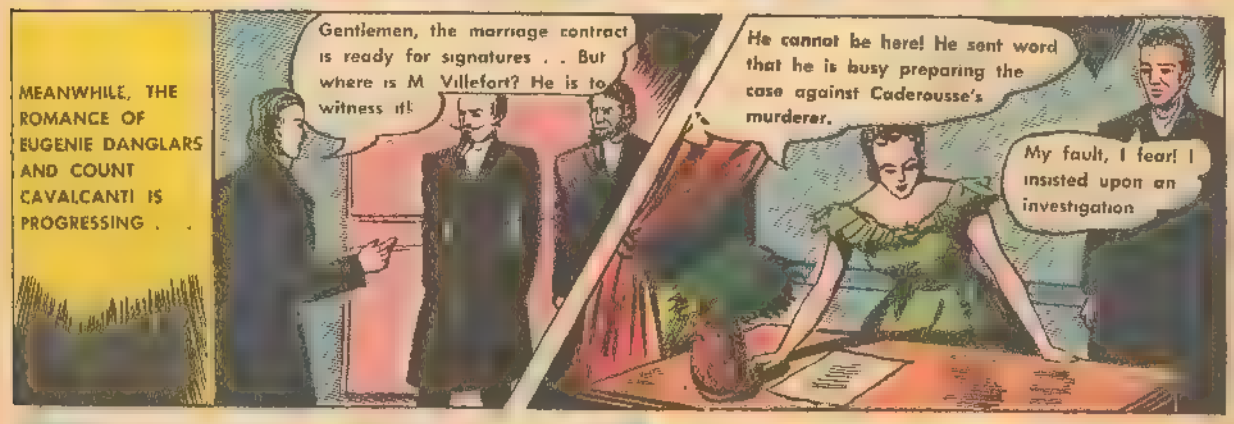

AT MIDNIGHT . . .
My stepmother!


I saw! But why . . why?
You are rich, Valentine She wants your money. I have a plan. You must trust me completely

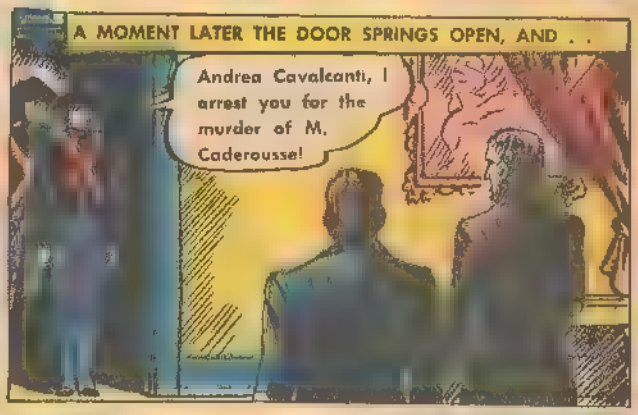
Take this pill. Don't be frightened even if you should find yourself in a coffin?
I promise!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING
Help! Help! Valentine is dead!
She has been poisoned
It is your duty to find the murderer
Gentlemen, I pray you..keep this poisoning a secret. I promise you that my daughter's death will be avenged!
O Valentine! I cannot live without you I'll find some way to join you.
No Maximillian That is a coward's way!
There is nothing to live for now Please don't stop me!
I must! Once your father befriended me I only partially repaid my debt to him when, as Sinbad, the Sailor, I saved his fortune. Now . . .
You! Sinbad?

My son, I beg you not to take your life. Give me a chance to help you
What can you do, now?

A great deal! Give me one month in which to try.
Very well, I agree

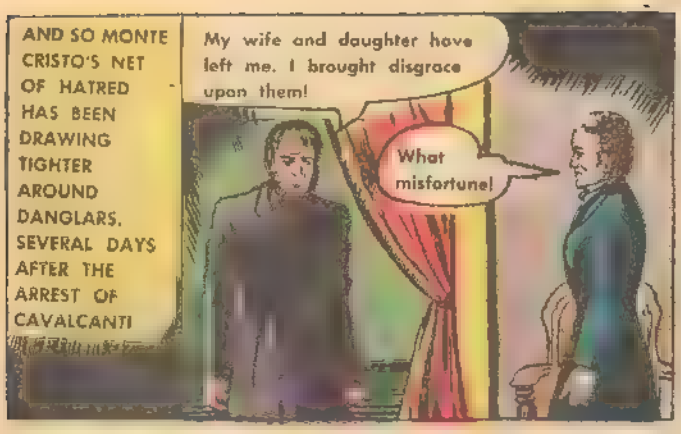

MEANWHILE, THE ROMANCE OF EUGENIE DANGLARS AND COUNT CAVALCANTI IS PROGRESSING . .
Gentlemen, the marriage contract is ready for signatures . . But where is M Villefort? He is to witness it!
He cannot be here! He sent word that he is busy preparing the case against Caderousse's murderer.
My fault, I fear! I insisted upon an investigation

Do you know who the murderer is?
I am not sure . but I have my suspicions


A MOMENT LATER THE DOOR SPRINGS OPEN, AND . .
Andrea Cavalcanti, I arrest you for the murder of M. Caderousse!

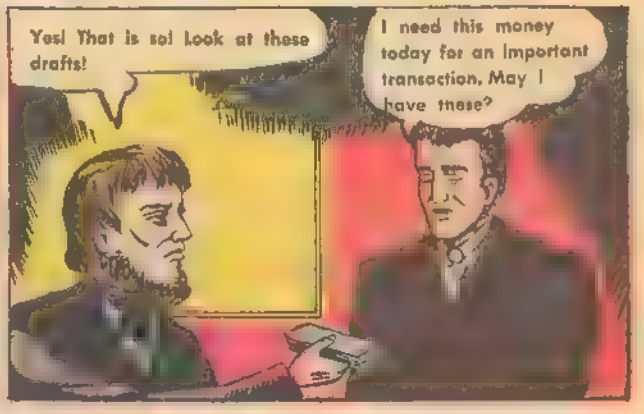
He won't get far. We are surrounded by police.

Bah! ! Well, I have friends, to help me!


AND SO MONTE CRISTO'S NET OF HATRED HAS BEEN DRAWING TIGHTER AROUND DANGLARS. SEVERAL DAYS AFTER THE ARREST OF CAVALCANTI
My wife and daughter have left me. I brought disgrace upon them!
What misfortune!

But a man as rich as you ought to be easily consoled!

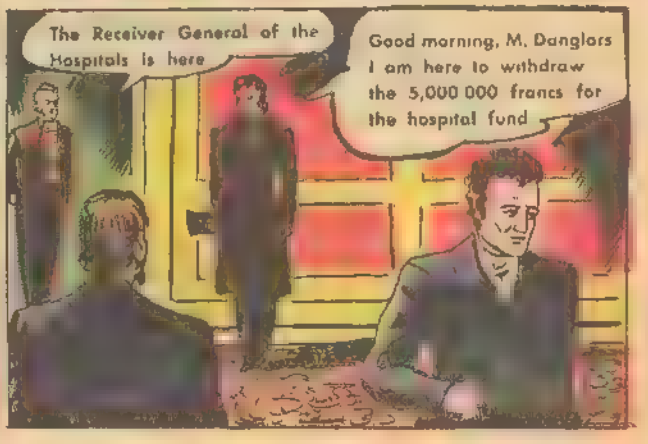
Oh . . uh . yes! A fortune, indeed. I was just about to sign five sight drafts, payable at once, for one million francs each
That reminds me! I have approximately the sum of 5,000,000 francs on deposit with you .


Yes! That is so! Look at these drafts!
I need this money today for an important transaction. May I have these?

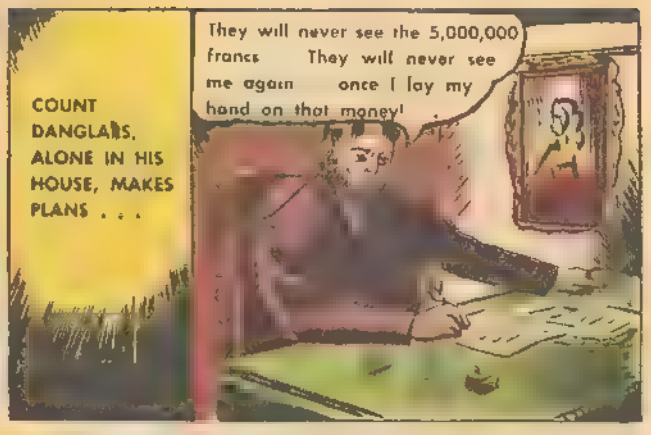
Uh . . yes . if you must

My receipt is as good as money. Present it to Thompson and French in Rome and the money will be turned over to you again!

You don't mind, do you?
Oh, no, no . . . I had intended this money for the hospitals: But I don't want to rob my creditors! Ha! Ha!

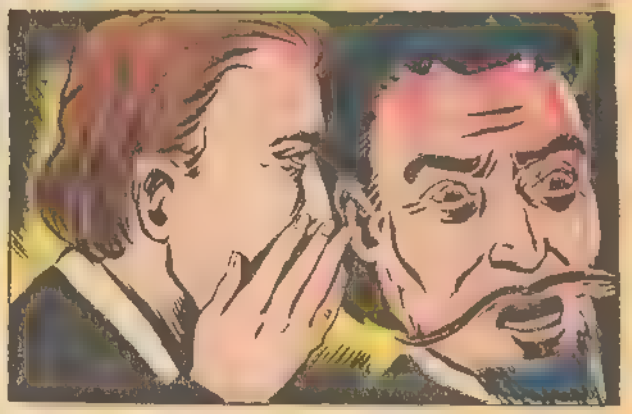

The Receiver General of the Hospitals is here
Good morning, M. Danglars I am here to withdraw the 5,000 000 francs for the hospital fund

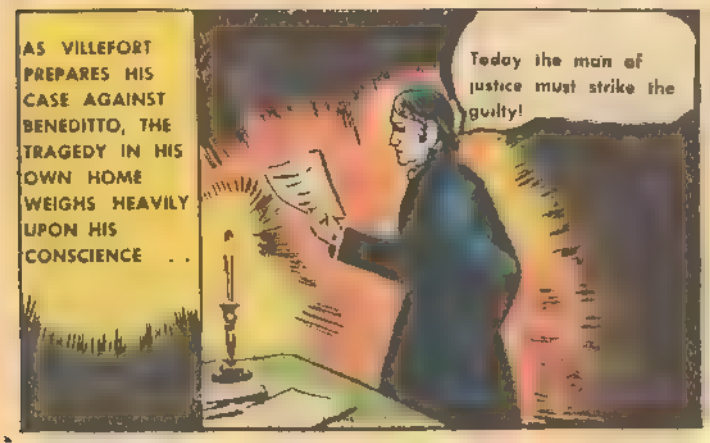
M. le Count has just withdrawn a large sum Will it be possible for you to wait unti tomorrow?
Yes . . But we must have it then, monsieur


COUNT DANGLARS, ALONE IN HIS HOUSE, MAKES PLANS . . .
They will never see the 5,000,000 francs They will never see me again once I lay my hand on that money!

IN THE MEANTIME, BERTUCCIO, MONTE CRISTO'S SERVANT, VISITS CAVALCANTI IN PRISON . . .
You ? ! ? Bertuccio . .
So you do recognize me, Beneditto!
What a scoundrel you have turned out to be!
Never mind the insults! Why did you come here?

. . Because I think it is time you knew who your father is!
Then you know! Who is he?

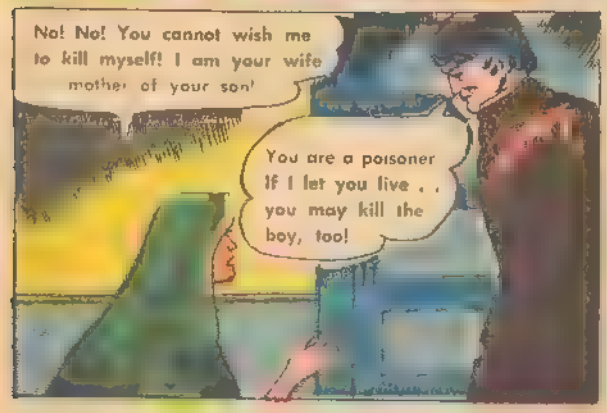



AS VILLEFORT PREPARES HIS CASE AGAINST BENEDITTO, THE TRAGEDY IN HIS OWN HOME WEIGHS HEAVILY UPON HIS CONSCIENCE . .
Today the man of justice must strike the guilty!

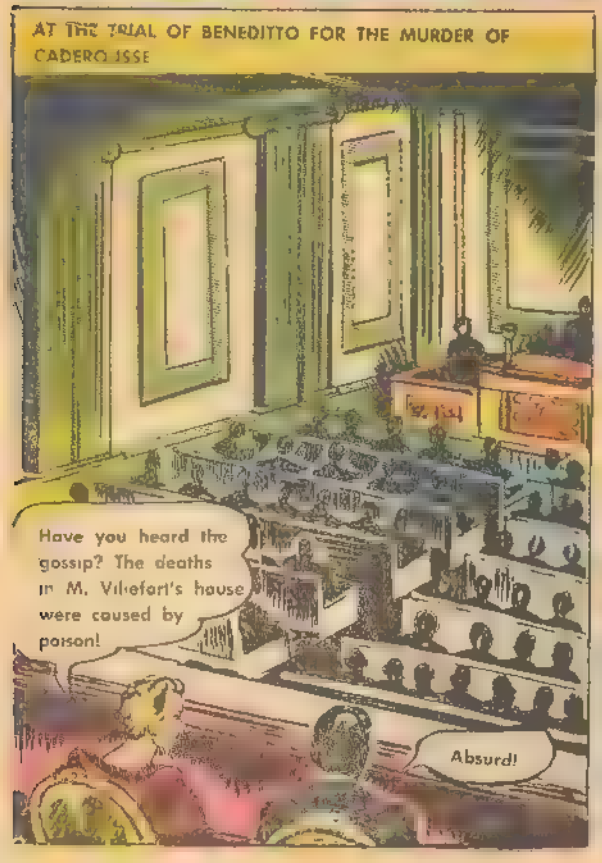
I should like to watch today's trial. Will you take me with you?
Madame Villefort your concern should be more with the poison you generally use!

You . . you do not think I did it?
How terror-stricken you are! You had no fear when you killed four people!

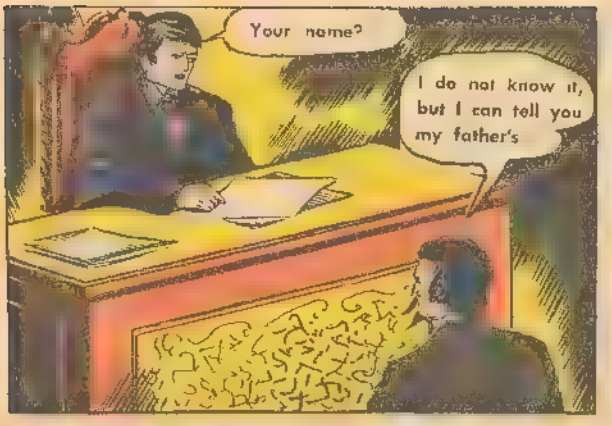
So you confess! What shame you have brought upon us! I trust you have kept a last drop of poison for yourself!

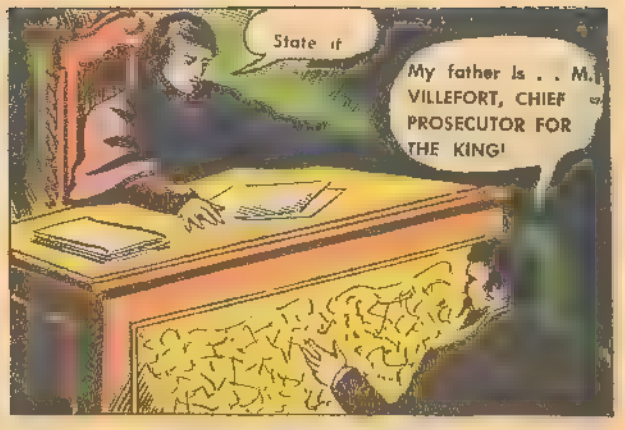

No! No! You cannot wish me to kill myself! I am your wife mother of your son!
You are a poisoner If I let you live . . you may kill the boy, too!

If, on my return, justice has not been satisfied, I shall denounce you!

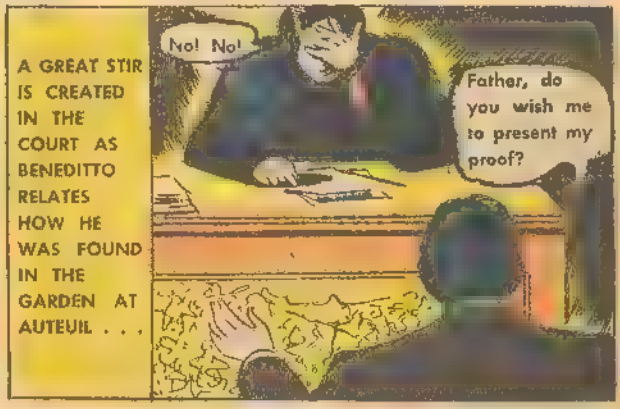

AT THE TRIAL OF BENEDITTO FOR THE MURDER OF CADEROUSSE
Have you heard the gossip? The deaths in M. Villefort's house were caused by poison!
Absurd!

The Court is in session!
Bring in the accused

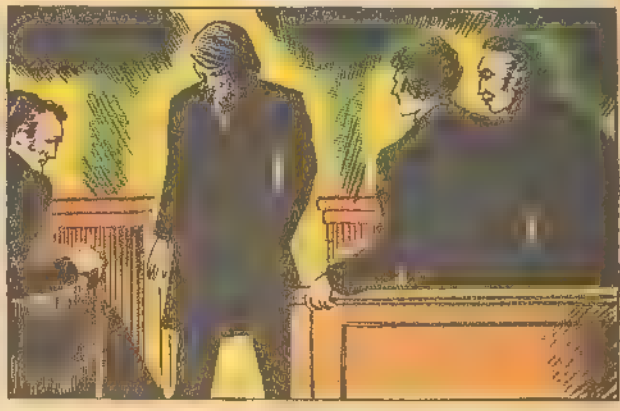

Your name?
I do not know it, but I can tell you my father's

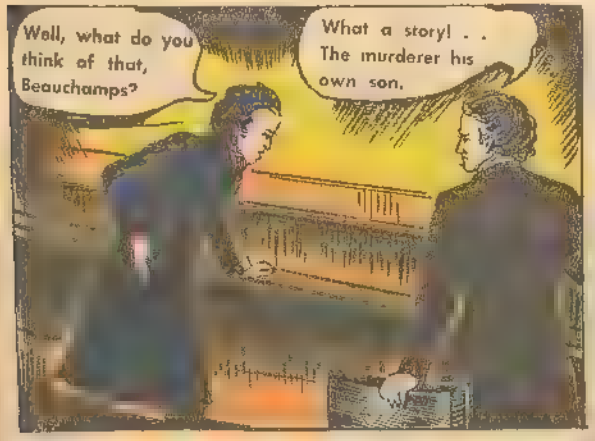

State it
My father is . . M. VILLEFORT, CHIEF PROSECUTOR FOR THE KING!

Can you prove this?
Certainly!


A GREAT STIR IS CREATED IN THE COURT AS BENEDITTO RELATES HOW HE WAS FOUND IN THE GARDEN AT AUTEUIL . . .
No! No!
Father, do you wish me to present my proof?

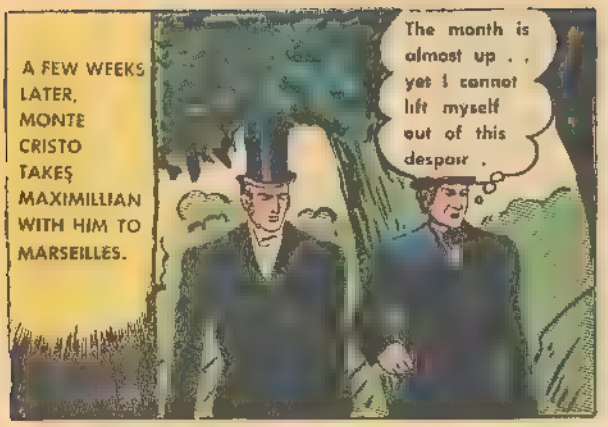
That will not be necessary. Gentlemen, I am guilty!

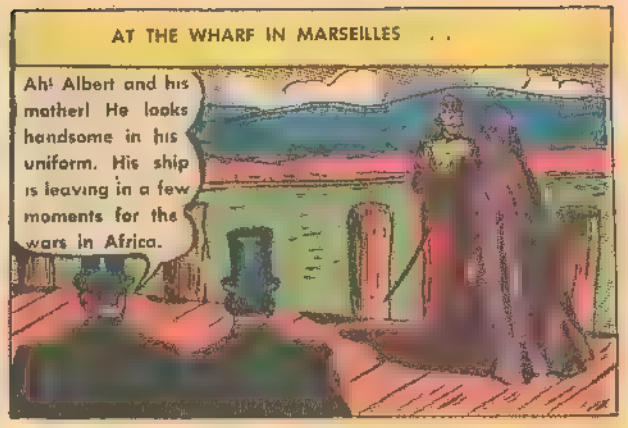



Well, what do you think of that, Beauchamps?
What a story! . . The murderer his own son.

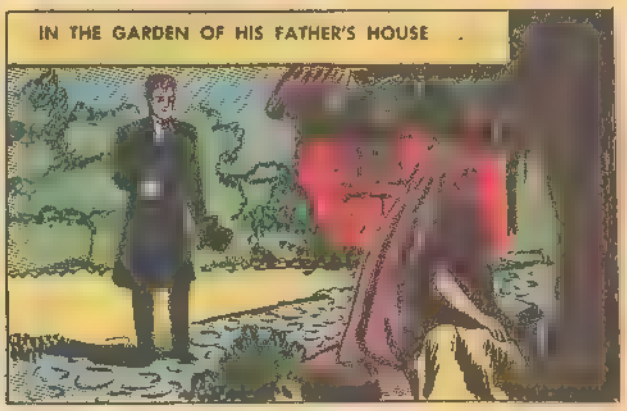
I must save my wife! She became a criminal by associating with a man like me!

What have you done?
I have followed your advice . O Lord! I am dying Agh
Edward! My son! He's dead, too!
May God forgive me!
Why are you here, sir? . . .
. . . To tell you that I am at last avenged for the wrongs you have committed!
I am the wretch you condemned to the dungeon . . EDMOND DANTES!
Dantes alive! ? !
I have paid for my sins . I have paid well!
IN HIS DESPAIR, VILLEFORT'S MIND SNAPS
My baby son . . I buried him .
THREE!
I will find him though I dig forever!
The man is mad! Have I done too much for revenge?

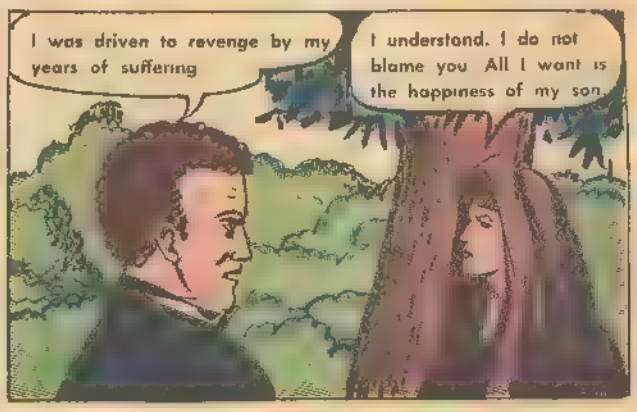

A FEW WEEKS LATER, MONTE CRISTO TAKES MAXIMILLIAN WITH HIM TO MARSEILLES.
The month is almost up . . yet I cannot lift myself out of this despair .


AT THE WHARF IN MARSEILLES . .
Ah! Albert and his mother! He looks handsome in his uniform. His ship is leaving in a few moments for the wars in Africa.

AFTER ALBERT'S SHIP HAS SAILED . .
I have a visit to make, Maximillian. Will you meet me at my yacht in an hour?


IN THE GARDEN OF HIS FATHER'S HOUSE .

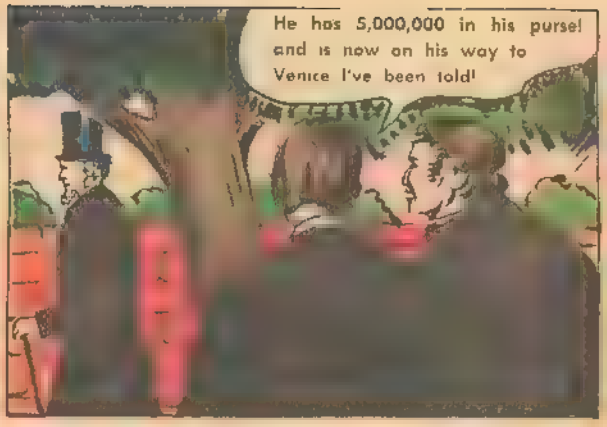
Mercedes, do you hate me for the misery I have caused you?
No! Edmond. It is myself that I hate! My first mistake ruined my life.


I was driven to revenge by my years of suffering
I understand. I do not blame you All I want is the happiness of my son.

I shall always watch over his happiness, Mercedes . . no matter how far away I may be.
Thank you, my friend! Goodbye, Edmond

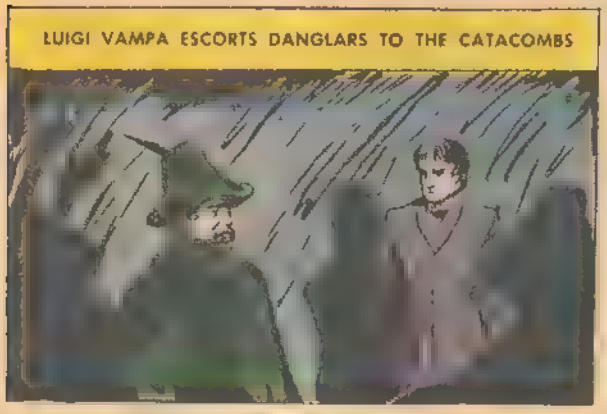
AS MONTE CRISTO BOARDS HIS YACHT TO SAIL TO HIS ISLAND REFUGE, ONE LAST THOUGHT OF VENGEANCE PERSISTS . . .
One more act of revenge . and my soul will be free

ONE MORE! DANGLARS . . WHO AT THAT VERY MOMENT IS AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF THOMPSON AND FRENCH IN ROME . .
Five million on the receipt of the Count of Monte Cristo

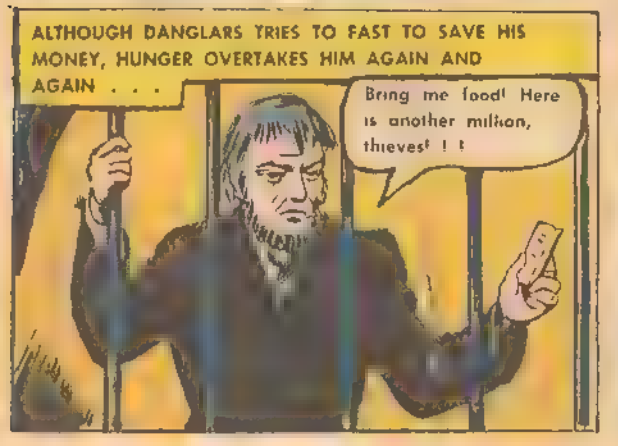

He has 5,000,000 in his purse! and is now on his way to Venice I've been told!

STOP!
Am I arrested?

Robbers!

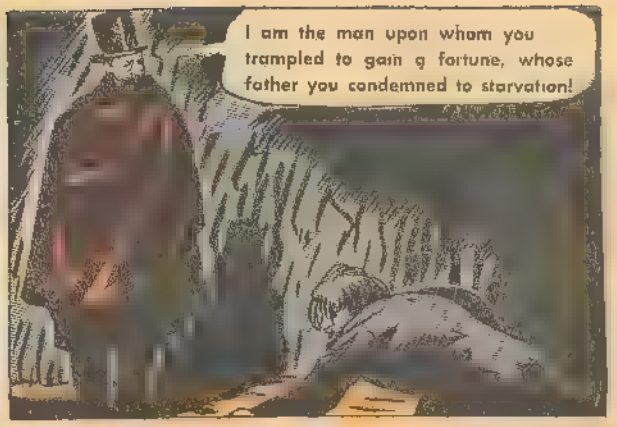

LUIGI VAMPA ESCORTS DANGLARS TO THE CATACOMBS

AFTER 24 HOURS DANGLARS BEGS FOR FOOD
You may have a fowl for 100,000 francs. You have over 5 000 000 in your pocket!
Vile thieves! So that is your game!

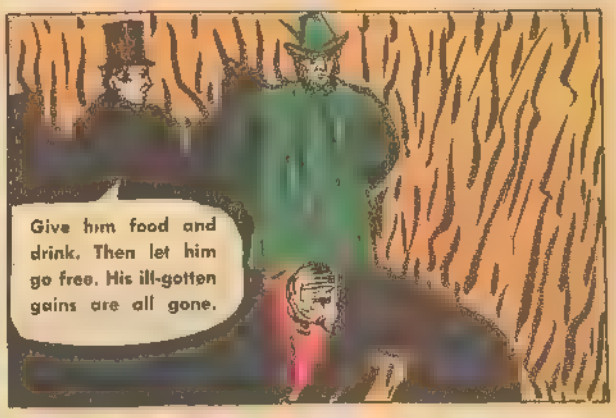

ALTHOUGH DANGLARS TRIES TO FAST TO SAVE HIS MONEY, HUNGER OVERTAKES HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN . . .
Bring me food! Here is another million, thieves! ! !

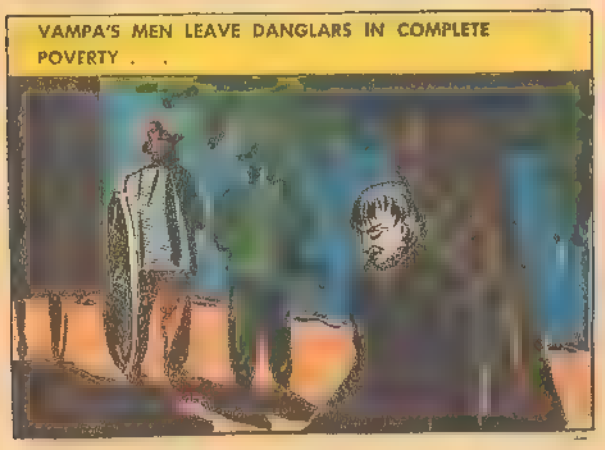
HE CONTINUES TO EAT AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE
Send me your chief I can stand this no longer!

I am the Chief! Do you repent of the evil you have done in your life?
Yes, I repent!


I am the man upon whom you trampled to gain a fortune, whose father you condemned to starvation!

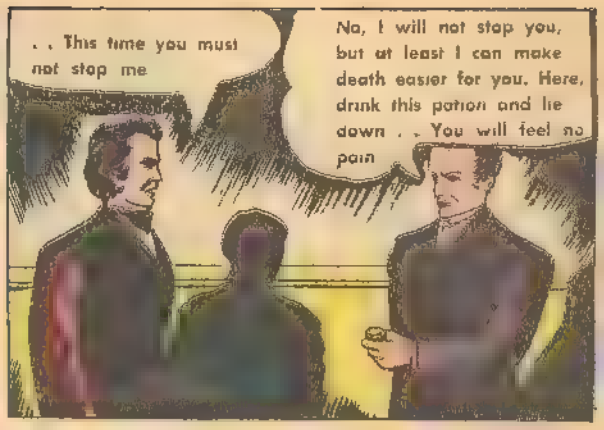
It is Monte Cristo! !
You are mistaken. I am Edmond Dantes!

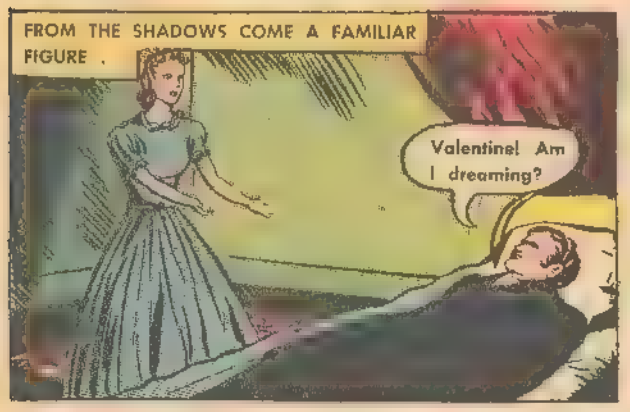

Give him food and drink. Then let him go free. His ill-gotten gains are all gone.

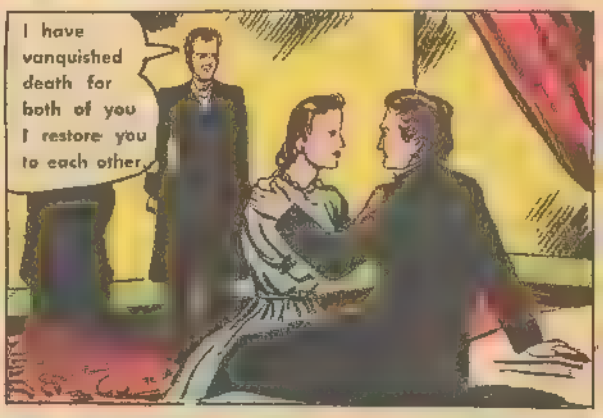

VAMPA'S MEN LEAVE DANGLARS IN COMPLETE POVERTY . .

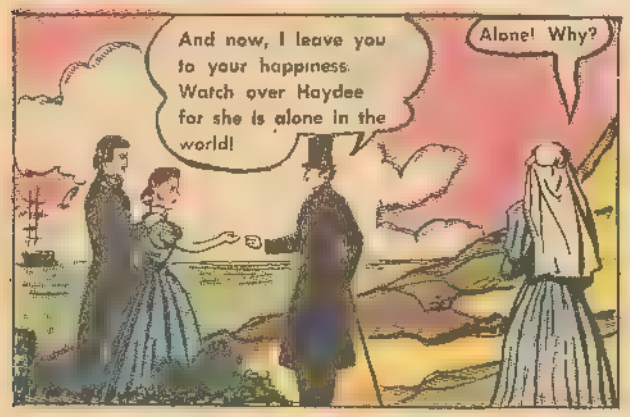
FOUR!
I have been sustained in my struggle with my enemies.

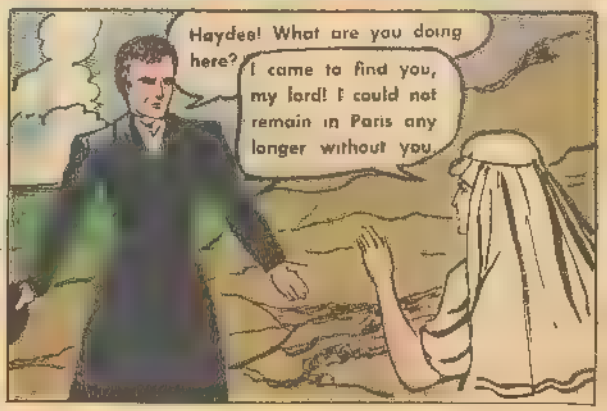
ON THE ISLAND OF MONTE CRISTO, MAXIMILLIAN WAITS FOR HIS KIND HOST
Ho there, Maximilliant Why do you look so sad?
I cannot go on living, Monsieur .


. . This time you must not stop me
No, I will not stop you, but at least I can make death easier for you. Here, drink this potion and lie down . . You will feel no pain

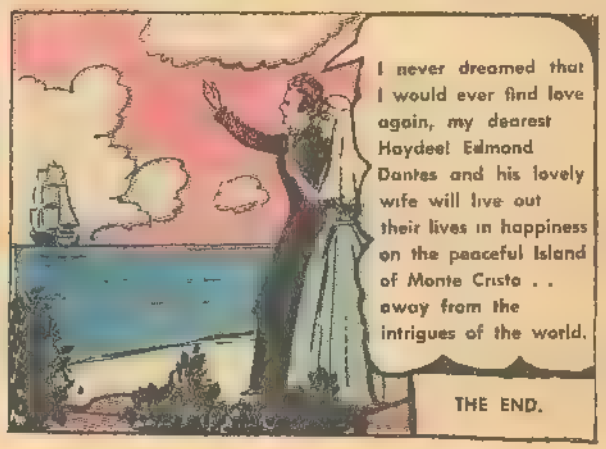

FROM THE SHADOWS COME A FAMILIAR FIGURE .
Valentine! Am I dreaming?


I have vanquished death for both of you I restore you to each other.


And now, I leave you to your happiness. Watch over Haydee for she is alone in the world!
Alone! Why?


Haydee! What are you doing here?
I came to find you, my lord! I could not remain in Paris any longer without you.

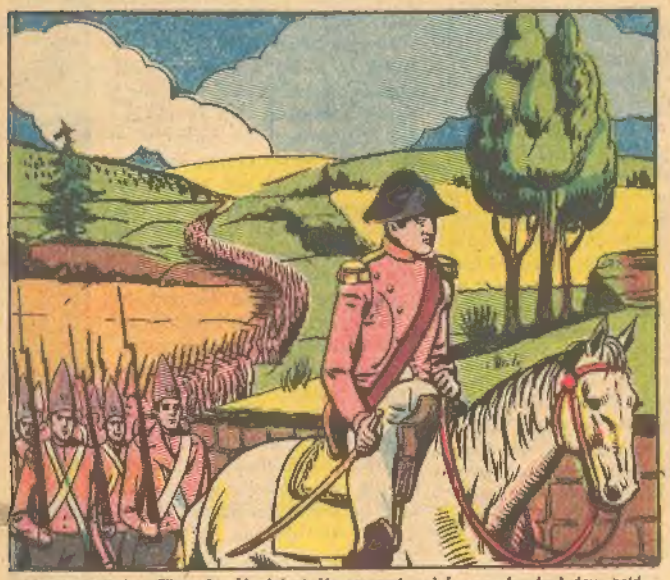
Haydee, can it be. ? . Is it possible that you love me?
Have you been blind? I love you with all my heart.


I never dreamed that I would ever find love again, my dearest Haydee! Edmond Dantes and his lovely wife will live out their lives in happiness on the peaceful Island of Monte Cristo . . away from the intrigues of the world.
THE END.

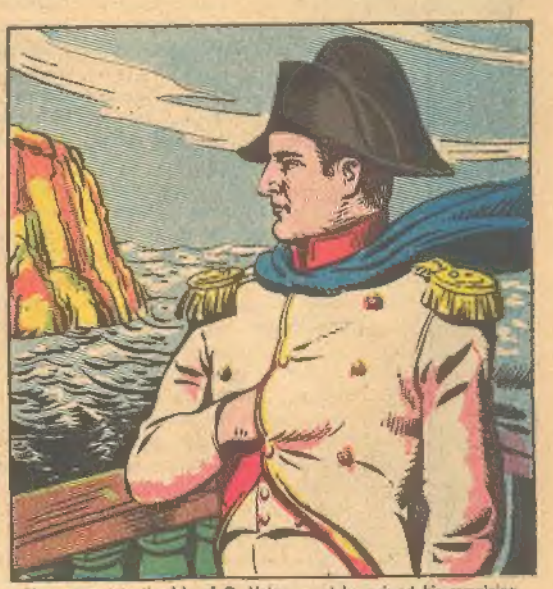
IMPORTANT MILESTONES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON

After fighting for the freedom of France under the slogan of "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality", Napoleon turned against these principles, became Emperor of France, and waged war against the whole of Europe.

His greatest military plan was to subjugate the vast, desolate wastes of Russia. With one of the greatest armies the world had yet seen, he marched on Moscow. In bitterly cold weather, he entered the city expecting to find shelter—there were only ruins. Napoleon and the Grand Armee retreated.



He was exiled to Elba after his defeat. He escaped and for one hundred days held his former power in France. In the Battle of Waterloo he was defeated by the Duke of Wellington.



He was sent to the Isle of St. Helena, and he passed his remaining years reminiscing of his once great glory and power. He had risen from a corporal to the most powerful man of Europe—and had crashed.

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Highlights in the Life of Alexandrè Dumas

At the outset, let us say that to present an even partially complete portrait of Alexandre Dumas in this short space would be impossible. If his wanderings through France, Germany, Spain, Russia, and Africa were meticulously followed, if his quarrels, affairs and the slanders that sprung up about him were recounted, it would be fit subject for a giant among biographies. He was so full of the zest of life, so great a giant among giants, so completely synonomous with that type of living which we have come to associate with France, that Victor Hugo once said that Dumas typified the French spirit.

Dumas' literary career covered a period of forty years. In this time he was credited with the production of sixty-seven plays, ninety-two novels, and thirty-two historical works—a total of three hundred volumes. Writing was a veritable industry for him. Not only was he accused of plagiarism (he had, like Shakespeare before him, used dull outlines of many little known tales) but, his collaboration with other writers became known as, "The Novel Factory; The House of Dumas & Co." The "& Co." was primarily an obscure professor named Maquet. But Maquet was only one of many. They supplied the ideas from which he wrote the tremendously successful novels that we know today: They gave him brass and shining gold was fashioned from it.

He lived as full a life as one could wish. He was a soldier, a politician, a revolutionist (not that he believed in it too greatly) a lover, a boulevardier and above all, a human being with a passionate desire to participate in everything that was going on about him.

In the revolution of 1830, he had no more reason for proclaiming himself a Republican than the fact that his father had been one before him. As a matter of fact, he was starting out on his honeymoon when it broke out. He felt, however, that a honeymoon was a prosaic event at best, and that it could wait, but a revolution without him would be artistically incomplete.

No better incident can best describe his flair for doing things in the inimitable Dumas manner than a speech he made while a candidate for Parliament. The crux of his argument was that because of his tremendous success, "in Paris alone, six hundred ninety people were kept in constant employment, my dramas gave three hundred forty-seven people employment for ten years. Multiply this by three for the provinces and you will find that one thousand forty-one people have been constantly at work through me. Add to these the women who show playgoers to their seats, the leaders of the claques and the cabmen—a total of one thousand four hundred fifty-eight . . ."

It was magnificent, and Dumas did not see any humor in the situation. But his opponent did and went him one better. He mimicked him publicly by stating, "No traveler comes to Paris without making a note that he must not forget to stare at me at the hour at which I am to be seen looking out of my window at the coconut venders". He mocked Dumas unmercifully. He told how each traveler spent six sous on the bus and kept busmen at work. "Three thousand women have asked for my picture and that kept hundreds of portraitists working!" Its keen buffoonery ruined Dumas' chances.

Dumas moved in the best circles. It was the friendship of Prince Jerome Bonapart that led to the writing of "The Count of Monte Cristo". Prince Jerome had asked Dumas to take charge of his son, the young Napoleon. Dumas was doubtful. What could he do with the Prince?

"Teach him about France—and take him for some trips through Italy", said Prince Jerome.

"I will take him to Elba. It is fitting that the nephew of the Emperor should terminate his studies by an historical pilgrimage."

The tour of the island was accomplished in excellent style—after a voyage in which a furious storm arose. Dumas worried about the safety of his royal charge, but that person didn't. He was deathly sea-sick.

While hunting on Elba, Dumas noticed a peculiarly shaped rock jutting into the air on a distant island.

"If you went over there", the guide said, "you would find excellent shooting. It is overrun with wild goats, but otherwise deserted".

"And the name?"

"They call it the Isle de Monte Cristo".

Dumas never set foot on the island for it was supposed to have been contaminated, but they rowed around it. One can imagine Dumas' whetted curiosity at the sight of such savage scenery, the mournful silence broken by the bleatings of wild goats. His fertile imagination was working overtime. "There might be a hidden cave—a cave filled with jewels Was there a ruined monastery? A mysterious Monk running his fingers through heaps of jewels and gold? What an excellent name it would make for a novel."

There is no doubt that Dumas saw himself this time as Monte Cristo just as he had seen himself having some of the qualities of each of the Musketeers. Monte Cristo's fine clothes, his love of travel, his romantic mysteriousness, his liberality, "I carry a million with me, a trifle" and Monte Cristo's supreme egotism, were reflections of Dumas' many facets.

This lusty, exotic man lived as few had before him. His chateau, Monte Cristo, fed four and five hundred people at a time. But it all ended on December 5, 1870. The sword of D'Artagnan was broken at last. Dumas passed away.

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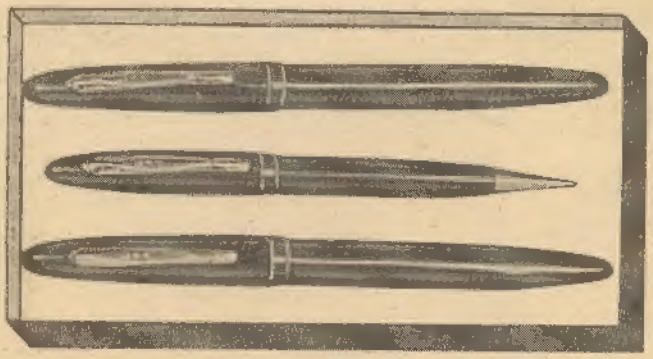

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